JOHN BULL, AUGUST 21, 1926

Vol. XL. No. 1053

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Postage all over the world, 1d.

SIR AUSTEN MUST GO!

BY

A. G. Gardiner

— flavoured with the juice of fresh Garden Mint

Try SPEARMINT

the old favourite chewing sweet in a new form.

Sugar-coated, in 4-piece penny packets, like P.K.

Get the new Spearmint to-day—see what a wonderful taste it has.

Then use after every meal. Good for teeth, good for digestion and gives you that final touch of refinement—a clean mouth.

WRIGLEY'S

IN 4 PIECE PACKET LIKE P.K.

EQ 45

The Completed Puzzle

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on page 5.

IS IT REALLY CURED?

Sufferers from Venereal Diseases who give up treatment without the doctor's consent are running a grave risk of dangerous complications and permanent ill-health. The symptoms sometimes disappear for a time, but the patient may remain infective and the trouble break out with renewed violence if treatment has been abandoned. The only satisfactory assurance of a permanent cure is a clean bill of health from the doctor.

Those desiring free information (in plain cover) about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council (Incorporated), Dept. P, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Stn.), and his advice will be available free, at this address, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful Booklets for Parents, 1/5 the set.
Four useful Booklets for Girls, 9d. the set.
Six useful Booklets for Young Men, 1/4 the set.
All post free in plain cover.

PSORIASIS
ECZEMA, BAD LEGS

and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kurem Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 30 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SON,
11, Kurem House, BRADFORD

ONLY ONE **1/-** BEFORE DELIVERY

All Sizes.
Black or Tan.

A NEW BOOT THAT GIVES DOUBLE SERVICE.

These famous boots are soled with Masters' wonderful RYCROME leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leather. Masters Ltd. offer these RYCROME Soled Double-Wear Boots, in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on special easy terms which everybody can afford to pay—1/- with order and 8/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful RYCROME Boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to-day and say what size we shall send you. Irish orders cash only. *Price List Free.*

SUITS FOR MEN

ONLY **3/-** WITH ORDER.

On Easy Terms you can afford to pay. Only 3/- with order. Made to measure from our famous Double-wearing RYRIE Tweed. Saves half your clothing money. Write for sample piece of cloth, which will be sent FREE.

RYRIES Ltd.,
82, HOPE STORES RYE,

JOHN BULL

WORLD'S GREATEST FREE INSURANCE GIFT

174 More Benefits PAID this week.

What "John Bull's" Gives

Total Benefits PAID 22,189

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.
£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME and GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.
£3 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.
£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river, or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that, in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

WIRELESS BENEFIT.

£10—for damage by lightning to registered reader's Wireless Apparatus including aerials and supports, licensed to and owned by him at his or her private address as registered.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS)
Address .....
Reader's Signature .....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 21/8/26.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 21/8/26.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted (with 2/- part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented a 3/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five may be used. All Pens are guaranteed 10 carat rolled gold (R.G.P.) and will be accepted in "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (which includes postage and insurance), Postal Order, stamps and insurance, "P.O.," and 1d. extra. Cross cheques "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!
John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 9-ct. Solid Gold nib, iridium tipped, worth	10/-
6/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE	2/6
TOTAL VALUE	17/6
You send Six Coupons and p.p. for 4/- (plus 1d. postage and insurance)	4/-
YOU SAVE	13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

"WORTH 15/-"

Thanks for the excellent Pen. I have tested it and find it far superior to any other I have used. The name engraved in gold is a novelty. I never knew you produce it for the price—it is honestly worth 15/-. The presentation pencil is of the same excellent quality.
(Signed)
Gunner E. Hamblin, 4th Field Brigade, R.A., Norwich.

Written 3 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

C873

16/9

This Tan Willow Calf one-bar shoe is altogether a most reliable model, equally popular for smart appearance and excellent wearing qualities. It has a 1¾in. shaped heel and is obtainable in sizes and half sizes from 3 to 7.
16/9

"Burlingtons"— For Footwear Value!

You cannot expect to get F.H.W. value unless you buy your footwear from F.H.W.

F.H.W's dominant position in the footwear world enables them to economise by purchase, manufacture and distribution on an immense scale.

The benefit is yours—and it is offered you at every one of the 500 F.H.W. shops. Look in at the one nearest you to-day!

ORDER BY POST

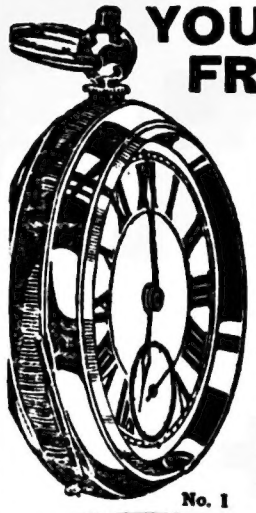
Simply state shoe number and size, and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage). We send goods post free in U.K., and guarantee to satisfy you. Send postcard for F.H.W. Catalogue, which shows scores of styles.

Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd.,

500 SHOPS — 500 SHOPS

106, Rutland Street, Leicester

YOUR CHOICE ON FREE APPROVAL



No. 1

Any article advertised will be sent to responsible readers on receipt of the Coupon below (or copy) on ABSO LUTELY FREE APPROVAL. After receipt you send us 2/- only, the balance is then payable by small monthly instalments within everyone's means. Only one article can be supplied on these truly wonderful terms, and we reserve the right to return any orders. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

No. 1—MASSIVE GAPPED LEVER WATCH. Heavy Silver-dashed Case, double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement. Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Warranted 10 years. Sent upon Free Approval. Upon receipt send 2/- more; balance 2/- monthly until 25/- only is paid. 2/- in the £1 discount cash with order (or balance within 7 days).

No. 2—Full-size Gent's high-grade fully-jewelled Lever Watch. Heavy English Hall-marked Solid Silver Case. Double-back case with handsome engine-turned design, superior lever movement, bold dial, pen steel hands and second hands (as illustrated). Warranted 10 years. Sent on Free approval. After receiving the watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 2/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until 57/6 is paid. 2/- in the £1 discount cash with order (or balance within 7 days).

No. 2

No. 3

No. 3—SOLID SILVER WRIST WATCH. Ladies' Neat and Dainty English Hall-marked Silver Wrist Watch, complete as illustrated, with expanding bracelet of choice design (Gent's style same price). Highest grade and perfectly finished jewelled movement, splendid timekeepers, fully guaranteed. Sent on Free Approval. After receipt send 2/-, the balance may then be paid by 8 monthly instalments of 2/- each until 20/- only is paid. 2/- in the £1 discount, cash with order price (or balance within 7 days).

REAL LEATHER STAMPED LIZARD

No. 4—Very Fashionable, Highly Finished, Real Leather stamped Lizard Handbag, complete with inside purse, mirror and writing tablet with pencil, latest West End design. Can be carried on any occasion. Finest quality and workmanship throughout. Sent on Free Approval. After receipt send 2/-, and 2/- per month until £1/- only is paid. 2/- in the £1 discount cash with order (or within 7 days).

No. 4

COUPON (Cut out or Copy) To SIMPSON'S (Brighton), Ltd. (Dept. 2004), 94, Queen's Rd., BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Dear Sirs, Please send me:—
(Article required) .....
As advertised. If satisfied, I undertake to send 2/- on receipt and pay the monthly instalments in accordance with your terms, otherwise I will return the goods at once.

NAME (in full).....

ADDRESS (in full) .....

HOUSEHOLDER (Yes or No).....Age 21 or over (Yes or No).....

Goods CANNOT be supplied to persons under 21 without a guarantee by a Householder.

Do you cook outside your front door?

If there were no such thing as indoors . . . if your Sunday glimpse of sunshine could be multiplied by seven, half life's troubles would be over.

Complaints and ailments that face you never troubled the healthy savage of three thousand years ago. Rheumatism? How ridiculous! And, of course, no question of anæmia or constipation. One ate anything in those days, and husbands were as free from fads as a pack of hungry wolves. Now think how *you* live nowadays. Think of close kitchens, steamy sculleries, indoor work from morn till night.

And then some women wonder why they need Kruschen!

It is a fact that man in his natural state derived his daily dose of Kruschen Salts from the food he ate and the pure air he breathed. But different conditions make different needs—and modern conditions cannot supply our systems with those natural salts.

That's why you need Kruschen.

The six salts in Kruschen are exactly what is needed to bring natural, radiant health to those who live unnatural indoor lives. "It's the little daily dose that does it"—as much as will lie on a sixpence—tasteless in your breakfast cup of tea. And so cheap, less than a farthing a day. Your usual chemist sells Kruschen Salts—in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles.

Tasteless in Tea

Kruschen Salts

TESTED JB

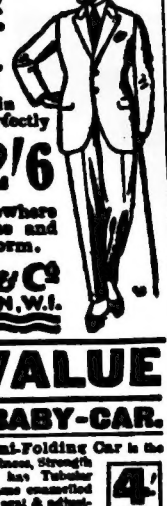
prevent constipation and rheumatism

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN ORDERING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

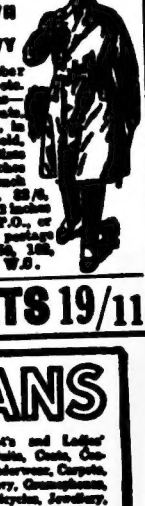


Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 5/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogues and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

Ladies' or Gents' TRENCH COATS 12/9 FAWN or NAVY



Double Breasted, Rubber Cloth Lined, Belted, etc. Further special bargains—Ladies' Artificial Silk Coats, 19/11. Rubber Hand, etc., in Lustrous shades of Wine, Gold, Blue and Jade Green. Sizes for Ladies, 42 to 50 inches bust. Gents', 4 in 1 Trench Coats, Fawn or Navy, 35/6. Sizes for all Gents', 32 to 42 inches chest over vest. Send P.O., or will send C.O.D., charges and postage paid. THOMPSONS, Dept. 56, 15th Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Ladies' Artificial SILK COATS 19/11

PRICE REDUCED. GILLETTE PATTERN BLADES

with the new long-lasting edge—the "last-word" in quick-shaving comfort. To advertise these Super-Edge Blue Eagle Blades there will be

GIVEN FREE

with every 12 Blades a Full size 1/- Stick of Super Lyco Shaving Soap! Send no money for the Soap—only 2/- (which includes free postage and packing) for the 12 Blades. Blue Eagle Blades are guaranteed to give you every satisfaction, or cash refunded. They are the world's best.

BLUE EAGLE RAZOR BLADE COMPANY. (Dept. J.B.), 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

Trade Terms on application.

FINEST VALUE SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves Semi-Folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame enamelled Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, draught-proof sides, and stout leather safety strap. Upholstered in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Two-inch wheels, fin wired-on rubber Tyres. Price **32/-**

4/- NOW

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/- Balance in 7 monthly payments of 4/- If satisfied. Money back in full if you are at all disappointed

WRITE for CATALOGUE. Folding Prams & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

FREEMANS SPARE TIME AGENCY

Celebrated

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Watches, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

How to receive employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST 2/- Weekly.

Cash Prices from £4:19:6

Send for FREE 1926 lists now.

B.S.A., TRIUMPH, ARIEL, SWIFT, NEW HUDSON, SUNBEAM, ELSWICK, B. & C., &c

Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. On 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory. Packed free and carriage paid.

Easy payments arranged to suit you.

BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J/12), SOUTHAMPTON.

SAMPLES FREE

A REAL FLOOR COVERING

60 sq. Ft. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum. Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-: 120 sq. ft. 30/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.

J. B. ARKLEY & SONS, 90, Clerkenwell Street, London, E.C. 17.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives

1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Sifter, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Colombian Silver which wears white throughout. 80 pieces 80/- Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash on delivery. Complete Approval. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

5/- NOW

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 5/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

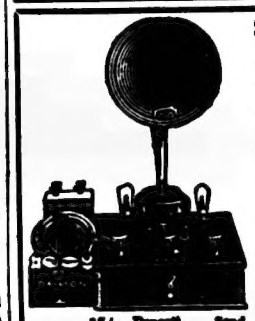
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Make More Money

WONDERFUL PROFITS IN SWEETS.

£5 to £10 weekly

Lessons personally or by mail; new system quickly and easily learnt; practically no outlay. £5 to £10 per week can be made, spare time, supplying shops. Call or write and get evidence of this, opportunity, lifetime, anywhere. Success guaranteed. 2d. stamp particulars.—LIBERTY CANDY CO., Quentin House, Langham Place, Regent Street, London, W.1



STERLING RECEIVERS.

SENSATIONAL OFFER. Having purchased a large number of Sterling 2-Valve Loud Speaker Sets we are offering them to the public on unprecedented terms. A genuine Sterling 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set, complete ready for immediate use, with D.E. .06 Valves H.T. and L.T. Accumulator Ariel equipment, and one of our world-famed De Luxe Exodalite Loud Speakers. Price £18 18s. Royalties paid. Terms 15/- deposit and 15 monthly payments of 20/-.

15/- Deposit. Send for one of these superb Sets at once, as the number for sale is limited, and when sold cannot be repeated under double the price.

Free Catalogue on application.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

AGAIN REDUCED, now only 5-7-6

Case paid U.K.

Or £1.0.0 down and 11 monthly instalments of 9/-

Handsome Cabinet, beautifully Oak finished and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. One winding plays three records. Write for new Catalogue NOW or examine full range of models at

Cabinet Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B. 24), 72, Camden Rd., Camden Town, N.W. 'Phone: North 2236.

FULLOTONE No. 12 Model Worth £10

The Gramophone of Amazing Value.

UKELELE

with complete outfit and lightning tuner

For **12/6** Post Free (or Post Office C.O.D.). Send to-day.

You learn to play in one day this haunting melody—the instrument of the Southern Seas. The Ukelele is the backbone of Jazz music. Be popular and take one with you on your holidays. Ideal for picnics, boating, camping, etc. Outfit comprises fine golden tone Ukelele, case, plectrum and an easy, speedy self-tutor.

J. E. REMINGTON, 262, Pentonville Rd., London, N.

The Specialist Instrument Maker.

SUITS 1/6 TO MEASURE FOR WEEKLY.

Order your suit from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. There is no extra charge for Easy Payments, and a Suit can be purchased

Made to Measure from £2:2:0

THE "B & C" CO., Universal Providers, (Dept. J/12), SOUTHAMPTON.

TRYER'S BARGAINS

On Easy Terms.

We deliver, carriage paid, on receipt of:—

	Cash.	Deposit.
Sewing Machines ..	£7/6	5/-
Bicycles ..	£3/6	5/-
Steam Cycles ..	£3/-	5/-
Prams ..	£7/6	5/-
Refrigerators ..	£3/6	10/-
Suction Sweepers ..	£3/6	10/-
Mangles ..	£3/-	5/-

Write for Free Catalogues of these and other bargains.

Trade enquiries invited.

TRYER & Co. Ltd. (Dept. J/12) 60-61, Cromwell St. London, E.C.

100 Prize-winners of £1 1s.

(Continued from page 35.)

Mrs. Addison, 294, Hardgate, Aberdeen.
A. L. Andrewartha, Brookhurst Rd., Gosport.
R. K. Arnold, 57, Revelon Rd., Brockley, S.E.
S. Beall, 66, Main St., Woodhouse Eaves.
H. Baxter, Hale Fort, G.P.O., Cleethorpes.
S. Beech, 59, Merridale St., W. Wolverhampton.
R. Bird, 25, Guildford St., Stoke-on-Trent.
G. W. Blashill, 11, Maple St., Hull.
C. Booth, Calow Lane, Hasland, Chesterfield.
Mrs. H. Brown, 53, Chatsham Rd., Clapham, S.W.
R. Brown, 18, The Wood, Broseley, Salop.
E. Brown, 15, Bernard St., Nottingham.
W. Brown, 177, Stanley St., Accrington, Lancs.
E. C. Brown, 79, Mansfield St., Nottingham.
A. J. Bull, 35, Ashburton Av., Addiscombe.
Mrs. Burr, 28, Silverwell St., Newton Heath.
J. Butler, 60, Fairycroft Rd., Saffron Walden
G. Canning, 2, Duke St., Blackpool.
E. D. Carter, 3, Stodart Rd., Anerley, S.E.
W. Christie, 2, Everthorpe Rd., Peckham, S.E.
W. Churcher, 75, Bentham Rd., South Hackney.
C. Clark, Old Rectory Lodge, Hatfield, Herts.
H. Clayton, 141, Oxford Rd., Cowley, Oxon.
A. E. Cook, 1, Mapledene Cotts., Cheltenham.
W. S. Costiff, Offerton, Hathersage, Derbys.
R. Cox, West Pennard, Glastonbury, Som.
H. Creegan, 13, Campbell Bldgs., London, S.E.
Miss M. Davies, 251, Edge Lane, Liverpool.
A. Dick, 59, Calder St., Crosshill, Glasgow.
D. Drummond, 31, Smithfield Loan, Alloa, N.B.
G. W. Duffield, 191, Alderson Rd., Gt. Yarmouth.
S. G. Elliot, 264, Shortheath Rd., B'ham.
J. Flockhart, 106, Main St., Newhaven, Leith.
Mrs. Folkard, Keepers House, Covehithe, Lowestoft.
R. Forder, 22, Castle St., Ruthin, N. Wales.
W. P. Fowler, Higher Woodrow, Brampford Speke.
F. J. Foyle, 29, Macklin Rd., Salisbury.
E. A. Garvin, 85, Ellesmere St., Warrington.
E. J. Gates, 59, Gordon Rd., Lr. Edmonton, N.
Mrs. Gill, 63, Herbert St., New North Rd., N.
A. Heard, 208, Pinhoe Rd., Exeter.
E. E. Hedderwick, St. Mungo, Hill St., Dunoon.
Mrs. Henson, Kenilworth, Llewelyn Rd., Colwyn Bay.
W. Hill, 9, Burgoyne Rd., S'th Norwood.
J. A. Holland, 35, Oswald Rd., St. Albans.
H. Hughes, 69, Hill St., Stourbridge.
L. Hustler, 25, Hambledon Av., Bierley, Bradford
W. H. Illingworth, 1, Ruskin Terr., Halifax.
E. James, 13, Dermody Rd., Lewisham, S.E.
A. Johnston, 43, Longate, Peterhead, N.B.
Mrs. O. H. Jones, Comarce(?)House, Aberdare.
W. L. Jones, Machreth View, Llanfachreth Valley
B. King, Holmewood, Anson Rd., London, N.
L. Leman, 2, The Hollies, St. Cross, Farnham.
H. W. Lill, Canford Rd., Wallis Down, Bournemouth.
W. Lilley, 6, Danesburst St., Fulham, S.W.
Miss L. Low, 14, Crown Terr., Basford, Notts.
Mrs. Macdonald, 9, Albert Drive, Crossbill, Glasgow.
J. Mackintosh, 19, Cathcart Pl., Edinburgh.
R. McCormick, 41, Queen St., Dalton-on-Furness.
W. G. McGill, 70, Morant St., Poplar, E.
F. Marston, 75, Bank St., Brierley Hill, Staffs.
J. Money, 1, Dunkirk St., West Norwood, S.E.
P. S. Moorhouse, 4, Clarendon Rd., Kenilworth.
I. Nicholls, Silver St., Ilminster, Som.
E. O'Brien, 8, Astbury Rd., Queens Rd., Peckham.
Miss Oldfield, 22, Bubwith Grove, Halifax.
W. Palmer, Hill-side, Pontypool Rd., Mon.
F. C. Randall, Lovaine Cres., Newcastle.
W. Parker, c/o. 22, Honey St., Bodmin.
C. J. Parsons, 195, Stafford St., Walsall.
T. Phippe, 2, Shearsdown St., Doncaster.
W. G. Pickard, 103, Gore Rd., S'th. Hackney.
Mrs. C. Purser, 15, Richmond Rd., Grays, Essex.
A. W. Rice, c/o. 118, Gloucester Pl., London, W.
A. Roberts, 49A, Church Lane, Harpurhey, M/c.
G. A. Robertson, F.S.A., 2nd Rhine Bde., B.A.O.R.
Mrs. Root, 45, Charlton Rd., Blackheath, S.E.
J. Routledge, 282, Weelsby St., Grimsby.
E. W. Saich, 7, Mount Villas, Sydenham Hill Rd., S.E.
F. G. Saunders, 29, Beaufort St., Bristol.
W. E. Scarbett, 52, Northcote Rd., Norwich.
J. Scott, 55, St. Paul's Rd., Salisbury.
F. H. Severn, 131, High Rd., Balham, S.W.
Mrs. E. Silcock, 10, Burswell Av., Hexham-on-Tyne.
Mrs. Smith, 30, St. John's Rd., Birkdale, Southport.
Miss M. Smith, 71, Ockendon Rd., Islington, N.
J. W. Smith, c/o. Alexandra Hotel, Bradford.
B. Staines, 18, Eighth Av., Manor Park, E.
D. Stewart, 32, Campbell St., Maryhill, Glasgow.
E. Sumner, 76, Reading Rd., Basingstoke.
Miss Tattersall, 1, Chapel St., Blackrod, Chorley.
I. Thomson, Elm Tree, Gt. Chesterford, Essex.
A. G. Towill, 9, Gayner Rd., Filton, Bristol.
C. W. Vidler, 122, Godstone Rd., Purley.
R. Watson, 45, Aitken St., Dennistoun, Glasgow.
Miss White, 68, Moor Crescent Rd., Hunslet, Leeds.
A. Wilkins, 29, Fairbourne Rd., Tottenham, N.
Miss O. Wilkinson, 28, York St., Colne, Lancs.
Mrs. F. Wilson, Wigtoft, Nr. Boston, Lincs.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 608 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at these Offices.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 611.

DOING EUROPE—THE PREMIER—IN THESE DAYS—WEATHER PROPHET—PATRIOTISM—HER LUGGAGE—IT SEEMS TO ME—CUNNINGLY—SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER—HEARD IN LONDON—DISAPPOINTING—SAID TO THE LAWYER—SANDY'S MISTAKE—OUR HONEYMOON—CALLING AGAIN—WHAT HER BROTHER SAID—A SHIRKER—FATHER'S ADVICE—PRETTY TYPIST—WHAT IS COURAGE?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 35, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 611 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 611, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. 610.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 610 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-53, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Watson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade free Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc.: send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS seeking bargains in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for free Illus. Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

FREE List on application those interested in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery. Wholesale only. —Levy Bros. (Dept. B.), 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

FREE Illus. Trade List. NIESO BLADES, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, etc. See Retail advt. page 4.—Nieso Co., 17, Bartholomew Close, E.C.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency. — See Large Advert. on page 4.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted. 6/- in £ cash commission. Largest Xmas chocolate and cigarette club. Everything to start free.—WROE BROS., LTD., Dept. 50, York Street, Leeds.

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XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's and other best makes. Good commission. Particulars free.—SAMUEL DRIVER, South Market, Leeds.

6/6 & COM.—Xmas Chocolate and Cigarette clubs. Terrys, Cadbury's, etc. Particulars free.—Walker and Hannam, Ltd., Bradford.

6/- in £, also free box for every 6 ordered. Agents wanted. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Jewellery.—Morris, Drewton St., Bradford.

XMAS CHOC. CLUB AGENTS Bad. Best-known makes only. Highest comm., no outlay, stationary and full particulars free.—Dept. J.B., Popular Club., 49, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

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AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell private Christmas Cards. Sample book free. Highest commission and prizes.—Apply Denton and Co., Dept. D.18, Accrington.

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AGENTS Required.—£3 WEEKLY EASILY MADE by being an Agent for the world-renowned "Snowball" Series of Exquisite Christmas Cards and Novel Calendars. The book that puts money in your pocket. Samples free and post paid. Highest commission, cheapest prices and valuable prizes.—Minster Press, Manchester Road, Preston.

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A "BALMORAL" SAMPLE BOOK of Private Christmas Cards secures orders without trouble or outlay. Our 1926 Series is FREE and contains Calendars, Photogravures, Celluloids and Wonderful Novelties. HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES. Write NOW; it costs nothing.—Stewarts, Dept. A., Commercial Mills, Blackburn.

AGENTS.—Private Greeting Cards. £25 can be earned without outlay. Decide on no book until you have seen the established and renowned City Series. Highest com. Lowest prices. Magnificent Album free.—Dept. 169, Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., Blackfriars St., Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED, either sex. Great Money-making Opportunity. New series Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, Wallets, etc. All latest "Just Out" Novelties. See this Super-Attraction Sample Book and increase your business 50 per cent. Good agents equipped immediately.—Write now, Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 36, Lancaster.

WANTED, AGENTS to Run a Bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Dept. M., Grove Mills Co., Birstall, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling Salesman, and study by postal training in your spare time under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning £600, £800, and £1,000 a year, in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training, every student is introduced to firms of repute for a good post as Salesman. If you want to be lifted out of the rut, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 257, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—E. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

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The MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS AND SPECIALITY SALESMEN URGENTLY NEEDED.—The definite offer of an actual position is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in Creative Salesmanship. Instruction includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for prospectus.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 55, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.2.

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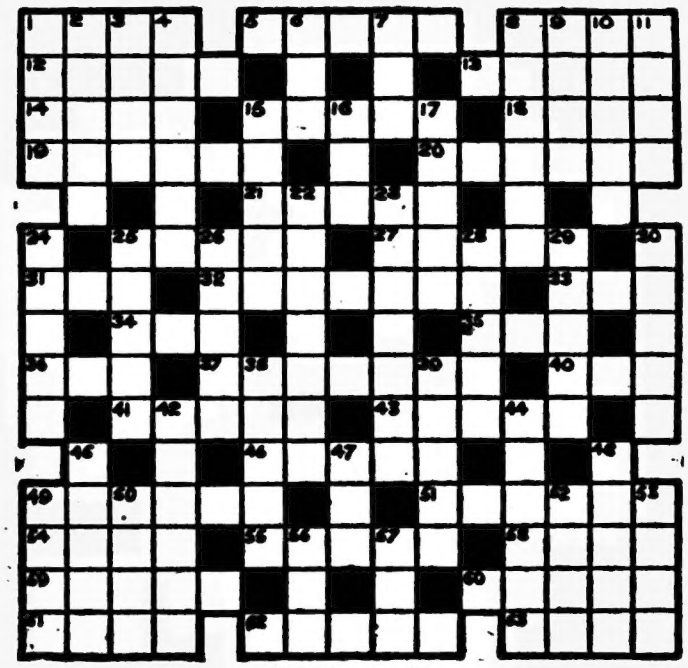
PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Where's that Pencil?



CLUES DOWN

1. Moist.
2. A cleaning substance.
3. Skilful.
4. To restrain.
6. A tree.
7. Away.
8. A river boat.
9. Norway's patron saint.
10. Auxiliary actor.
11. A prophet.
15. A circle of years.
16. Indian title.
17. New.
22. An oval figure.
23. Railway apparatus.
24. Narrow slip of leather.
25. Herbage.
26. Perfect.
28. Condition.
29. To gnaw away.
30. To imprint.
38. Biblical word meaning "pause."
39. French measure of capacity.
42. A narcotic.
44. French.
45. Jovial.
47. To be ill.
48. Oblique edge.
49. Speed competition.
50. A row.
52. Loaded.
53. Pointed missile.
56. Skill.
57. Front.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Lacking sense of hearing.
5. A nobleman
8. Nickname for chief.
12. Mineralised resin.
13. Worth.
14. Dissolve.
15. Horse food.
18. Narrow strip of cloth.
19. Beautiful.
20. A midshipman.
21. Stop.
25. Method of cooking.
27. Progeny.
31. By-product of coal.
32. Joy.
33. Groove.
34. An epoch.
35. Past.
36. Donkey.
37. Substance used for paving.
40. Obscure.
41. Flat fish.
43. A sovereign.
46. In the smallest degree.
49. Part of the eye.
51. Crushed by a cylinder.
54. Melody.
55. Divide by two.
58. Molten rock.
59. Mediterranean island.
60. Addition to verdict.
61. Judicial circuit.
62. To restrict.
63. One of a race.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

£150-£5 10 salary for Certified Bookkeepers. Postal Tuition, 10/- monthly. Post found when qualified, or for retd. Booklet Testls. Prize Scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

WONDERFUL PROFITS in Sweets. Here is your chance to earn £5 to £10 per week. Read advt. headed "Make More Money" on page 4.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

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BARGAIN SALES.

FLOOR COVERINGS.—Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Rot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor. 2/- per sq. yd., carr. paid. Sample Free.—C. Jones and Son (Dept. J.B.), 82, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 3d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 58, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers, at factory prices. 21 years' reputation; catalogue free.—Century Pottery, Ltd., Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

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OILED and dressed, same material as railway sheets, fitted with eyelets and lashes: 12 ft. by 9 ft., 15/-; 15 ft. by 9 ft., 18/9; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 19 ft. by 16 ft., 42/6. Any size supplied at 1/3 square yard. Send for List free.—GASSON AND SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone 34.

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RAINCOAT Bargains. Trench Coats for 12/9. Ladies' Artificial Silk Coats, 19/11 only. Readers should note advt. of Thompsons at top of page 4.

MARKETING BY POST.

BUY TEA first hand reduced. Dust fr. 1/4; Indian blend fr. 1/8; China fr. 1/8. Carr. paid on 10 lb. and over. Tea strainer given with 10 lb.—Allan, 41, Gt. Tower St., E.C.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BALY'S 75-Article Layette, 30/-. Robes, Gowns, Robeslips, Nighties, Vests, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Barras, Towels, Napkins, etc. Home-made. Genuine bargain. Send 2/6 parcel approval.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE is a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

BE A MASTER of Correct and Forceful ENGLISH. Learn to write compelling letters, develop conversational charm, and become a more effective personality. Practical tuition by post. Prospectus free.—Regent Institute (Dept. 327), 13, Victoria St., S.W.1.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbuilt, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines, Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South St., London, E.C.2.

DRUMS, Ukuleles, Banjos, Violins, Gramophones. Lists Free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

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SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

TENTS
FOR Gardens, Cricket and Camping Out. Get our Free Lists.—GASSON and SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes, hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW for BOOKLET "B" and full particulars. —Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch, 90, Worcester Street.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutriment," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 16, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately. 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.27), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

DEAF?—The "Eerade" guaranteed, makes the deaf hear! Try it.—Write, City Eerade Co., 36, Shudehill, Manchester.

CONSTIPATION and Liver Troubles yield wonderfully to SPEZIA'S Treatment. Permanent results. Harmless. Supplied in Pill form at 1/3 box (post free 1/4½).—J. A. DYSON AND SON, 83, Gloucester Road, Brighton.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Bensons, 215, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, greenfly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO." The Sure Killer.

TO Photographers, Amateur and Professional. —Photographs wanted of topical interest, for newspaper publication. Best terms.—Whitefriars Photo Service, Ltd., 36, Whitefriars St., E.C.4.

RAISE THE CURTAIN ON SEX MYSTERY. Forearm your girls with knowledge. A powerful plea for enlightenment by T. Bowen Partington in this week's "Health and Strength," 3d., from all newsagents, or 4d. post free from J. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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Pure Matured Virginia Tobacco, guaranteed free from adulteration. Pure Paper; and Cork Tip fixed by a special process.

IN DECORATED METAL BOXES FOR HOME USE, 50 for 2/6. 100 for 5/-

CARRERAS LTD. 137 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Words and Deeds.
Mr. Baldwin favours a
political speeches. This i
there should be no close sea
especially during a first-cl
lock-out.

A Painful Confession.
The adjourning of Parlia
is one of the most painful c
ever made by a Governmen
Wallsend should have tau
public's view of this *laissez-*

An Election Inevitable.
The Ministry's prestige, w
after the collapse of the g
falling steadily ever since.
to the country cannot long

The Next Premier.
When the election come
Baldwin will lead the Con
Premier is not a sick m
"tranquillity." Either N
"Jix" is likely to be his su

Neville Looks Ahead.
In this connection N
announcement of his
stituency is significant. A
survive an election defeat
porarily without a seat c
form a Government.

Starving Miners.
Exaggerations on either
the trouble. Hard facts s
expectant mothers who
hours without a bite of f
That's near enough to star

In Derbyshire.
All through the coal
going piecemeal to the
last for ever cut down to
Those who don't believe
see death won't have long
speedy settlement.

Helping the Sufferers.
That public men of all s
Arthur Henderson's appea
widespread is sympathy
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Will They?
Miners are in danger of l
inability to pay premiums
policies, though some con
every consideration to "
ship." But will they?
closures we take leave to

Week ending Saturday, Aug. 21, 1926. Twopence
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The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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Who Cares a Hang? ... ... p. 19	Little White Face ... ... p. 24
Wicked Army Scandal ... ... p. 20	The Clutching Hand ... ... p. 24

The Dummy Director Menace, by the Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P. ... p. 18

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Words and Deeds.

Mr. Baldwin favours a "close season" for political speeches. This is all very well, but there should be no close season for political action, especially during a first-class crisis like the coal lock-out.

A Painful Confession.

The adjourning of Parliament until November is one of the most painful confessions of impotence ever made by a Government. Hammersmith and Wallsend should have taught Mr. Baldwin the public's view of this *laissez-faire* policy.

An Election Inevitable.

The Ministry's prestige, which was at its highest after the collapse of the general strike, has been falling steadily ever since. Obviously an appeal to the country cannot long be delayed.

The Next Premier.

When the election comes it is doubtful if Mr. Baldwin will lead the Conservative Party. The Premier is not a sick man, but he yearns for "tranquillity." Either Neville Chamberlain or "Jix" is likely to be his successor.

Neville Looks Ahead.

In this connection Neville Chamberlain's announcement of his desertion of his constituency is significant. A Health Minister could survive an election defeat, but a politician temporarily without a seat could not be asked to form a Government.

Starving Miners.

Exaggerations on either side only aggravate the trouble. Hard facts are enough. There are expectant mothers who have passed thirty-six hours without a bite of food between their lips. That's near enough to starvation for most folk.

In Derbyshire.

All through the coal fields little homes are going piecemeal to the pawnshop. Life can't last for ever cut down to bare ribs of necessity. Those who don't believe starvation unless they see death won't have long to wait if there isn't a speedy settlement.

Helping the Sufferers.

That public men of all schools of thought signed Arthur Henderson's appeal for money shows how widespread is sympathy for the miners. In the same manner all schools of thought should unite to work for settlement. It's a national duty.

Will They?

Miners are in danger of losing £5,000,000 through inability to pay premiums on endowment insurance policies, though some companies promise to give every consideration to "genuine cases of hardship." But will they? In view of our disclosures we take leave to doubt it!

It's Amazing.

Locked up land is at the root of all our economic troubles. Why all men don't see it is a mystery. Why those who do see don't move heaven and earth to alter it is a bigger one. In fact, it's the miracle of the century.

Land Ahead!

The draft report on Labour's policy for agriculture is merely a rehash of old Radicalism. What we want to see is the best men of all Parties combining to draft a real national land policy.

Where Money Grows.

The only way man can really get something for nothing is out of the earth. Spend money wisely on tree-planting, and sun, air and soil give you compound interest.

Watch Geneva—

Well-wishers of the League of Nations were thankful that the March meeting for the admission of Germany ended in nothing worse than a fiasco. The months since then have not solved, but complicated, the dangers of group rivalry.

—And Watch Austen.

Unexpectedly Poincaré is in the field again—Poincaré of the "ring round Germany" policy. What line will he take now, in view of Mussolini's ambitions? For us the urgent question is: If Sir Austen is our watchdog, who will be watchdog over Sir Austen?

Fleet Street Fireworks.

The *Daily Mail* was wrong to be rude to America, says Lord Rothermere. We always thought so, but we never expected to find the Fat Boy in such emphatic agreement with us!

Gee Whiz!

We wonder what the Editor of the *Daily Mail* is thinking of Lord Rothermere. To be told in public that he is an ass—and a dangerous ass at that—is enough to make him see red!

Trees Break with Fruit.

Never for fifty years have English orchards borne such a mighty crop of Victoria plums. Yet consumers pay 10d. a lb. for fruit leaving Covent Garden at 3d. C.O.D. is the remedy. Why don't growers make use of it?

"JOHN BULL"
WORLD'S GREATEST FREE INSURANCE GIFT
HAVE YOU REGISTERED YET?
See page 2

Slowing Down.

Short supplies are the cause of dearer tin. Our own tin-plate industry is going right out of action. Just another nail being driven by the coal trouble into the coffin of British industry.

Profiteering.

Lambs sold from farms at 6d. a lb. leave the shops at 2s. a lb. Consumers are fleeced while butchers bag the boodle. Meat prices must be regulated by law to stop the ramp.

The Camel's Hump.

Americans are taxed £3 3s. per head of the population. We pay £15 per head. Until that burden is unpacked we can't make the pace.

Get a Move On.

But hope without work will achieve nothing. To lighten taxation we must produce more, sell more, and recapture lost markets. And the first step is to end the coal stoppage.

Empire Flights.

Air liners to link up all parts of the Empire is the dream of the Air Ministry. We want to link up the world. When all airships carry passengers instead of bombs, sanity may take the place of fear.

Away fra t'Mill.

£500,000 has been drawn from savings banks in twenty mill towns for the annual seaside trips. What brings health to the workers spreads prosperity round the coast. The money isn't wasted.

For Instance.

The average yearly cost of each prison inhabitant in this country is barely under £62. Judged by that standard a good many people not in prison must be precious near starvation.

No Babies.

Whitland (Carmarthenshire) is disturbed at its falling birth-rate and interest in the question of childless marriages is urged. When good housing and good livelihoods are assured there'll be no need to worry. The birth-rate will adjust itself.

A Fine Step.

Bristol is the first English University to offer a degree for household management. This puts the cap on the career of housewife. Domestic management has always been an exact science.

The Dean's Disservice.

In well-paid newspaper articles Dean Inge continues to proclaim the powerlessness of Christianity to help the nation's troubles. It is a bad business when a leading minister of the Church takes to crying stinking fish.

Whitehall's Ways.

The Select Committee on Estimates has discovered that the War Office printing press was established as "a temporary expedient" to cope with printing arrears during the Crimean War! Many bureaucratic offshoots of the Great War seem likely to be equally "temporary."

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Truth at Last.

Dr. James Drever is certainly right when he claims that the essential step towards penal reform is a clinical examination, medical and psychological, of every delinquent before punishment is passed. The amount of injustice perpetrated in the name of the law would appal mankind could it become known.

A Law Defied.

Really the cleaner meat regulations are little more than a farce, since they vary in different districts, many of which have handed over the duty to an already over-burdened sanitary inspector. Also, magistrates are inclined to deal so leniently with offenders that the penalties are scarcely a deterrent. The Ministry of Health must move.

The Song of Birds.

Romford is the first town to bring a case under the new Act designed to protect cage birds. In imposing a fine of 10s. the chairman remarked that this Act, which makes it an offence to keep a bird in a cage which is not large enough to allow it to stretch its wings, is not yet properly made known. That's why we give it publicity here.

A Contemptible Theft.

On the eve of her marriage, Miss Beatrice Tarrant was robbed by her two brothers, Henry and Frederick, of £25 which she had saved towards the cost of the home, in spite of which she pleaded for them at Tower Bridge, saying she was sure they would repay her when they got work. It was due to her intervention only that the prisoners were bound over; and if they fail to come up to the scratch they will deserve horsewhipping.

A Brave Man.

Drowned in an effort to rescue a boy-bather at Ramsgate, John Silverthorne had a heart of gold. Twice during the Great War he joined the Army under age, was wounded at Cambrai, and underwent twelve operations, being discharged from hospital only a year ago with a badly damaged shoulder. This gallant fellow belongs as truly to the Glorious Dead as any whose memorial is graven in stone.

The Captain and the Kitten.

Captain R. B. Lowrie, of the *President Garfield*, tells how, when the liner was 800 miles east of Boston, a shrill "meouw" came to them out of the fog. The vessel hove to, a boat was lowered, and a Siamese kitten was discovered sitting disconsolately upon a floating hatch-cover. The animal has now been adopted by the ship's company. When we read of such humane actions we wonder no longer that all the girls love a sailor.

Shining Pluck.

When four-year-old Johnny Walker of Sefton Street, Preston, fell into the local canal he would undoubtedly have been drowned if there had not been a brave man near. Not quite a man yet in the tale of years, for Stanley Bamber, who plunged fully dressed into the water, snatching the child from death, has only seen twelve summers. But he's a citizen of whom Preston should be proud.

Thrifty Guardians.

Three porters employed by the Wandsworth Union, at wages less than £3 weekly, applied last September for a "rise." After eleven months consideration by the Guardians, they have been awarded an increase of sixpence a week, with a "bonus" of fivepence, which may not be permanent. In Wandsworth at all events, there is no disposition to squander the rates!

Church Army Enterprise.

The Church Army, which has already erected a number of working-class dwellings in Horsley Street, Walworth, is now negotiating for a block of dilapidated property in Tabard Street, Southwark, which it proposes to replace by further flats. It is good to learn that our religious leaders are at last beginning to realise that the welfare of the bodies of the people is their concern no less than the salvation of souls.

Dreadful Desecration.

"God's gardens" are held sacred by all but those who are entirely lost to shame. He must be a callous vandal who desecrated St. Mary's Churchyard, and outraged the dead by breaking and scattering the headstones erected "in loving remembrance" and littering the place with pilfered produce. Anyone capable of an act so atrocious needs medical examination.

Bravo, Busmen!

A thousand of the poorest children in Wimbledon and Merton recently enjoyed a free feast and outing at Bricket Woods, St. Albans. The kiddies owed their treat not to any rich philanthropist, but to the generosity of the men employed at the London General Omnibus Company's garage at Merton. Such a piece of practical goodheartedness makes it easier to respect human nature.

Pluck Wins.

Son of a working tailor, Edward Y. Horder when a lad hawked papers in Weymouth's streets. When he went overseas to earn a living British grit pulled him through. After twenty-four years' absence he is back in Weymouth, head of Horder's Incorporated, one of the biggest businesses of its type in the States. All that British lads need is a fair chance.

Softies!

Mrs. Bertha Hepworth has a Dewsbury manufacturer for husband; a home by the sea at 63, South Promenade, St. Anne's. Also a poor little servant lassie whom she unmercifully thrashed with a brush, and some of whose hair she pulled out. But Mrs. Hepworth was lucky—in being let off by a soft-hearted bench with a 40s. fine. Others might have meted out punishment in keeping with her cruelty.

The Human Machine

Running Speed

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

EVERY motor car has what is known as its normal running speed. Some will plug cheerfully along, hour after hour, at forty miles per hour; others hum along best at thirty-five miles per hour.

There is a normal *mental* running speed, too, and it is up to anyone who wants to get the best out of himself to find out what that speed is.

You can't, of course, measure it in miles per hour. You must look at it from the point of view of output and expenditure of energy.

There are some minds that can plod along all day with a small but constant output, and that, at the end of the day, are not unduly worn out.

Others find it pays best to work at top speed for a time, rest a bit, and then have another burst of feverish activity.

NO two minds work alike. No two people tackle a job in quite the same way. We all have our peculiar ways and particular speed of working.

The trouble comes when a man who normally works steadily and slowly attempts to work at fever heat, either because someone else does or because he has got "rattled."

Keep calm and study your own methods. Find out how you can work best—and stick to that method.

Don't get rattled—and don't be persuaded that because someone else works in a different way you ought to do so too.

There is nothing quite as good as you—so far as you are concerned!

Help for a Newport Reader.

When his wife had paid premiums aggregating more than £20 on a life policy worth only £6 12s., Mr. Samuel Hockey, a Newport reader, thought it time to consult JOHN BULL. As the result of our efforts Mr. Hockey has now received a free policy from the insurance company concerned. His gratitude takes a practical form. Although times are bad he has sent a donation to the "Greatest of These——" Fund. Such tributes tell us that our work is not in vain.

The Hero Breed.

In the death of Dr. Maxine Menard, head of the Radio Department of the Cochin Hospital, Paris, science has claimed another martyr. Dr. Menard has done much to save humanity from suffering, but himself he could not save. First one eye, and then his fingers, were lost by dangerous experiments, and finally he succumbed to his extensive burns. Others will step into his shoes. There is a kinship in such heroism, and it knows no frontier boundary. It is the world's heritage.

Thicker than Water.

The contract for the supply of cable to the Auckland Electric Power Board of New Zealand has been secured by a British firm, in spite of the fact that a German tender was lower by £6,000. The members of the Board were wise enough to see that a drop of nearly 50 per cent. must indicate an inferior quality, and in any case they were anxious to prove that there are claims which they rate even higher than those of the pocket. The "All Blacks" are real white men!

Four-footed Faithfulness.

To the wonderful sagacity of a brown retriever dog little Frank Pugh, the seven-year-old son of an unemployed collier at Leigh, owes his life. The boy was dragging for coal in the canal with a bucket and rope when he overbalanced and fell into the water. Fishermen near noticed nothing amiss, but the dog did. It leaped into the canal and seizing the boy's jersey dragged him, already unconscious, to the anglers. "Only a dog," but with intelligence to put to shame any human guilty of cruelty to animals.

Our French Friends.

We're hearing a good deal about French hostility to foreign tourists, but there's another side to the shield, and a brighter one. It was shown by Armand Magister, a native of Dieppe, who saw two English women in difficulties while bathing. While a companion threw a life line which one woman succeeded in grasping, Magister swam out to the other. He reached her just in the nick of time and brought her ashore. It was the true touch of humanity that makes the whole world kin.

Never Say Die.

There's a lesson for the dispirited in the life of Mr. Hugh McKay who has just passed away leaving a fortune of over one million pounds. Starting out as a penniless youth McKay took for his motto, "Never say die," and in that unconquerable spirit surmounted every obstacle. He migrated to Australia from this country, worked hard and earnestly and invented the "Sunshine Harvester," which has proved a boon to farmers all over the world. It's the spirit that radiates grit and optimism that counts in any country.

The Home Office Moves.

A long-delayed reform is brought up to date by the new Home Office regulations to keep poisons and opiate drugs out of the reach of unauthorised persons. Doctors are required to keep records of their supplies of drugs, and retail chemists must put all stocks of dangerous drugs under lock and key. Moreover it is to be made an offence for drugs to be obtained from a second doctor without disclosing that the patient has already received treatment. It now needs for perfect safety that poisons shall be required to be put up in a bottle of special design. Until that is done there will still be accidents and the Act will not be foolproof.

Council Housing Confus

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A Case for Enquiry.

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Salt on the Roadhog's Ta

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Council Housing Confusion.

Hoyland, near Barnsley, is one of many places where the allocation of council houses has occasioned heartburnings. "Last winter it was as bad as the trenches"—is how an ex-soldier describes his bedroom. Five had to sleep in it, although it is so small that there is no room for a fire-place. While large families endure hardship in one or two rooms, municipal authorities should curb the occupation of council houses by small families who already have ample accommodation.

A Wicked Scoundrel.

To trick a girl into cohabitation under promise of marriage was the vile scheme of Alec John Mostyn, a thirty-year-old draughtsman, who was sentenced at Marylebone to six months' hard labour. By means of lies and forged letters he induced the poor girl to part with all her belongings. She is now practically destitute and has to seek the help of the court missionary. What a world of misery might be saved if such girls would seek advice *before they are victimised.*

The Pity of It.

Leaving behind a note implying that love-sickness was the secret of his action, John Henry M'Kuan, a seventeen-year-old Leeds boy who worked as confectioner's improver, went into the bathroom and took his life by gas poisoning. At the inquest the coroner thought it would have been better if M'Kuan had had interests more suitable to a boy of his age. Better if he had attacked the system which kept M'Kuan at work on eighteen-hour shifts which so tired him that he came home thoroughly depressed.

A Case for Enquiry.

Three white members of the crew of the steamship *British Knight* were charged before the Bombay Presidential magistrate with refusing to obey the captain's orders. They pleaded that they declined to work with a negro, whose appointment as fireman they resented while white men are unemployed. Each of the men was sentenced to two weeks' rigorous imprisonment. If the facts are as stated, it is a case that calls for a strict investigation.

Salt on the Roadhog's Tail.

Although we are not prone to belaud the zeal of the police in pursuing motorists we are glad that they pulled up William Henry Bridport, a Southampton motor-cyclist who was fined a total of £6 on six counts. He drove dangerously, did not stop, did not display a valid licence, did not have an efficient silencer, drove without a driving licence and did not have two efficient brakes. Yet he travelled at fifty miles an hour! Such disregard of the safety of others stamps Bridport as a roadhog worthy of the £6 salt on his curly tail.

Perversity.

Neither good parents, opportunity, nor money, could help Domanus Barrett of Albany Street, Regent's Park, who has just gone to prison for twelve months. Sent to Cambridge to be educated, the authorities sent him down for inattention to his studies. He got so much into debt that his mother was unable any longer to shoulder the burden. Then he began a series of frauds on advertisers for which he is now undergoing punishment. It matters little whether a man is born in the slums or amid the purple. When the will to work is lacking the result is the same.

Two Brave Women.

When a constable was attempting to disperse a gang of men who had been watching a street fight, Bill Walton, a hawker, of Tilson Road, Peckham, attacked him suddenly and savagely and then ran off. He would have got right away had it not been for Miss Knowle, of Farmer's Road, Kennington, who tripped him. Walton, who was described as a pest to the neighbourhood, was sentenced to three months' hard labour. In evidence the policeman stated that he was so exhausted that another woman blew his whistle for him. It calls for real nerve to take the side of the law while such hooligans are about.

Beware!

Gladly do we give publicity to the warning of Mr. Francis Morris, Chairman of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, of 18, Buckingham Street, W.C. The society authorises no house-to-house collections, so that if anybody calls professing to represent them send for the police!

Homeseekers' Federation Echo.

Interesting developments have followed our criticism of the optimistic methods of The Homeseekers' Federation, Ltd., of 17-19, Castle Street, Cardiff. We now learn that its affairs are in the hands of a Receiver—a point which seems to justify our remark that, as an aid to homeseekers, this Federation left much to be desired.

Beware!

About a year ago a person named G. H. Talbot descended upon the village of Fosse Bridge, Glos. He came from Stowe, near Buckingham. In both villages he represented himself as a medical practitioner and we have received complaints of unpleasantness caused by him. In spite of his claims and the fact that he has persuaded patients to allow him to treat them, the public should understand that his name does not appear in the medical register.

Treasure Island Echo.

Lieutenant Kealey still seems to be pursuing his treasure island venture, which was criticised in these pages some time back. A Newhaven reader who had invested in the scheme was recently approached and asked to make an additional contribution as further funds were required. Our reader declined, and we applaud her decision. We do not doubt that the scheme is short of funds—only the other day Lieutenant Kealey allowed judgment to go against him by default for a very small amount!

Cheap Service.

For nine years Henry Bird, an ex-sailor, acted as servant to Horace Marshall, of Grimsby, cooking, cleaning, and even taking in neighbours' washing to help things along, and all without wages. He nursed Marshall's father, and laid him out when dead; and he had left the house only three times during the whole of the period. Seeing that his employer was anxious to turn him adrift, Bird stole a suit of clothes, for which he was bound over. If all that Marshall said was true, it strikes us as a contemptibly mean action to prosecute in the circumstances.

Poisoned Rock.

The discovery of arsenic in chocolate rock, caused by a mineral colouring-matter technically known as burnt sienna, is a disquieting affair. Truly, the manufacturing chemists concerned have promised to discontinue the use of arsenical colouring-matter, and have withdrawn it from stock, yet it is difficult to believe that they were unaware of its injurious nature till it was pointed out to them by the Middlesex county analyst. Children may be a bit of a nuisance at times, but we don't want them poisoned wholesale.

Workless Widow's Claim.

Left a widow, with two baby boys to bring up, Mrs. A. E. Littlewood, of Crookes, Sheffield, managed to struggle on by letting a room or two in the old home and by spare-time work as a collector. Through illness she was forced to abandon the latter occupation a few months back and on her recovery found the post filled. She has paid her national insurance contributions regularly for nine years, yet has been refused unemployment benefit on the grounds that she is not genuinely seeking employment! Disgraceful treatment for a plucky mother who is obviously unable to accept whole-time work.

Horses to Follow

There's money in LARRY LYNX'S
: : "Pocket Book Hints" : :
in THE PEOPLE every Sunday

Problems of Life

Zangwill

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE death of Israel Zangwill removes from our midst a figure of rare dignity and force. I wonder that the Press has not taken more note of the fact. Zangwill always struck me as potentially greater than anything he ever wrote. I think he might have been another Disraeli had he so chosen. He had something of the mysterious self-contained demonic genius of his great Jewish compatriot.

The late Israel Zangwill

But I cannot imagine him choosing to be a politician. He despised the methods of the demagogue with a loathing he never disguised.

I first met him at the house of a mutual friend. He little guessed what interest he created in the mind of one member of the company that evening.

He was a complete surprise to me. I had read his books and appreciated their literary power and grace, but from the moment my eyes fell on his strange, rather grim countenance I forgot the books and thought only of the man.

THERE was an almost savage moral intensity in his speech and demeanour. No pose—he would not take the trouble to pose. He was barely polite, did not try to please or agree with anyone, was full of hatred and scorn for what he believed to be some of the worst forms assumed by the imperialism of the hour.

There was something formidable about him. I could quite easily imagine him helping the prophet Elijah to slay the priests of Baal.

On leaving I inadvertently took his umbrella instead of my own.

As I have a habit of losing umbrellas, the donor of the one I left behind on this occasion had had inscribed on it the words: "Stolen from the Rev. R. J. Campbell."

My host subsequently told me that this infuriated Zangwill. "If I am lucky enough to get mine back," he thundered, "I will have it labelled, "Stolen by the Rev. R. J. Campbell."

SOME time later I invited him to the City Temple to speak at a meeting convened to protest against the Congo atrocities.

He came, and as he passed me he said with quiet irony: "I have taken the precaution to leave my umbrella at home lest I should have more than one atrocity to protest about."

Early hardship and struggle may have had something to do with his comparatively early death.

He knew humanity too well to idealise it, and he would not truckle to it. Yet he had real humour and a kind heart.

He was ever loyal to his race, and fought many a battle for the unfortunate of other races also.

We need men of his sort just now, leaders who care nothing for popularity and are not afraid to utter unpalatable truth.

MIND YOUR EYES! Grave Warning

THE ONE-MAN BAND

A Growing Evil

THERE are numerous individuals who, without any experience or qualifications, take upon themselves the responsibility of treating the most delicate of all organs—the eye.

The dangers attending such unskilled tinkering with a patient's eyesight cannot be exaggerated; and the fact that many quacks inspire confidence by assuming some high-sounding title makes the scandal all the worse.

"London Optical Society," for instance, sounds very impressive. To people in the country, it probably suggests an established and reliable ophthalmic institution and it might be easily confused with that famous body of experts "The Optical Society of London." Needless to say, there is no connection.

A blatant quack

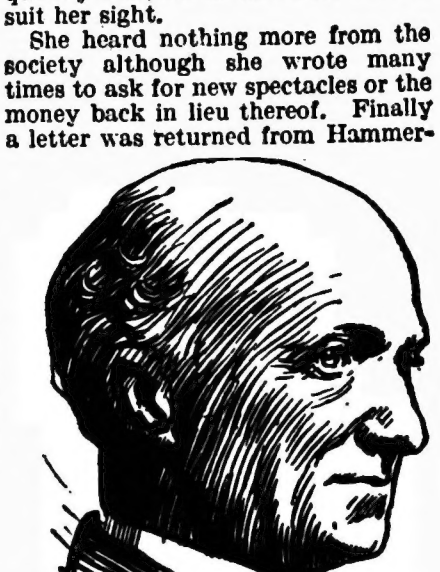
As a matter of fact it is a one-man show, conducted by a person named J. Coleman, from a one-roomed office over a tailor's shop in King's Road, Hammersmith.

There is no evidence to show that Mr. Coleman possesses any ophthalmic qualifications and he is certainly not a registered optician. He sold glasses to people who felt that they "suited" them—a practice which has long been condemned by the British Optical Association, which controls, and is the recognised body of, the regular optical profession.

The "London Optical Society," from its one-roomed Hammersmith office sent people round the country touting its wares. Neatly printed cards were presented, which referred to the "Head Branch" at Hammersmith without disclosing the fact that it had no others!

A lady at Slough purchased two pairs of spectacles through the medium of one of the Society's door-step touts, one of which she subsequently returned as the lenses did not suit her sight.

She heard nothing more from the society although she wrote many times to ask for new spectacles or the money back in lieu thereof. Finally a letter was returned from Hammersmith marked "Gone away," and the lady turned to us for advice.



Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe Secretary of the British Optical Association

We find that the London Optical Society has many other dissatisfied clients, some of whom have made weekly payments for glasses which have not yet been delivered.

Where is Mr. Coleman?

Some complaints have also reached the police, but the only explanation obtainable as to the whereabouts of Mr. Coleman is that he had to go into "hospital."

A representative of this paper, who made enquiries in the district, was unable to discover Coleman's private address or the name of the "hospital" he was supposed to have gone to. He learnt, however, that he was not the only enquirer—they were quite frequent, in fact!

On reporting these facts to the British Optical Association our representative was informed that mushroom concerns of this kind are on the increase.

Until recently there was one called the "London Optical Institution" at Shoreditch. Complaints respecting the inferior glasses it sold were numerous, and investigation led to the discovery that the "Institution" was situated in a back room in a drab East End Street. It was also revealed that the qualifications of the proprietor were absolutely nil.

Trouble intensified

Quite apart from the question of defrauding the public, the lamentable thing is that thousands of poor people purchase cheap glasses from such quacks and endanger their eyesight still more by wearing them.

The trouble is that there is no law to stop such quacks. Warnings to the public, whilst helpful, do not always get home, as the quacks change their names with remarkable frequency.

Another person against whom the public should be on its guard is Mr. Graham Browne, who describes himself as "the famous London Specialist." He has no qualifications and goes from place to place selling glasses on weekly tours, usually engaging a room in a hotel in which to interview his "patients."

Until every dealer in glasses is registered and compelled by law to pass a full test of efficiency, eyesight quacks will continue to thrive. Why are such precautions, which could be easily enforced, not introduced to end this scandal once and for all?

Misusing the Monomark

An Anonymous Tipster

AN interesting tipster's circular has lately been brought to our notice, and one or two extracts are worthy of reproduction in these columns.

This particular tipster is typical of the fraternity in that he has a lot to say in favour of his "method."

His "method," he declares, can be "worked at home" without the aid of form books, and there is no need to make any calculations to find the horse. It is found for you, and it is found for one express purpose, namely, to win!

That little "if"!

A rather contradictory statement follows this emphatic announcement. Although the tipster assures you that the horse has been selected to win, he admits that there is an "if."

Or, rather, two "if's"! If it wins you have finished with it; if it loses you record it on your list.

After that all you have to do is to watch the daily papers and, when your horse is running, to back it. But each horse's chances are limited.

Easy money

This, says the tipster, is all you have to do except draw the winnings from your bookmaker. As an example of how congenial this latter occupation is likely to be, he quotes test figures on a period dating from 22–3–26 to 24–7–26.

The net profit on a £1 level stake he gives as £43 10s., whilst a "progressive" stake shows a profit of £108 10s.

Here the tipster makes yet another contradictory statement. After giving the foregoing glowing example of his method he calmly declares, "I am not a firm believer in what's past. It's the 'Present' and the 'Future' concerns me most."

We do not think we are doing this gentleman an injustice when we suggest that what concerns him most is the "presents" in the form of £2 fees for the secret of this "method" which he hopes to rake in in the "future" from credulous punters.

But it is our duty to point out that, in spite of his confident assertions, this optimistic tipster does not reveal his name or address! He remains anonymous, cloaking his identity under the Monomark BCM/BSH4.

Monomark misuse

It is true that this is a commercial monomark, but it is surely an abuse of this highly convenient device to use it to conceal one's name when asking for money from the public in respect of such a nebulous scheme as a racing system.

What have Monomark House to say about it?

He Saw It in "John Bull"

Saved by a Day

A WOOD GREEN reader, who has been put to considerable expense through the prolonged illness of his wife, was much troubled by the problem of providing a summer holiday for his two young boys.

The headmaster of the school which the lads were attending suggested that the problem might be solved if they were sent to a holiday camp, as this would entail no great expense and would give them a healthy vacation.

The father agreed and the headmaster very kindly took the trouble to make the necessary arrangements. He put our reader in touch with a certain institution which agreed to take the two boys for a fortnight at the very reasonable charge of 10s. a week each.

A certain amount of delay followed, but the other day the father received a letter from the "clerk of the committee" who informed him that a message had been received "from our seaside holiday home" to the effect that the two boys could be received on August 17.

Booked to capacity

The letter went on to explain that the delay had been due to the fact that the home had been rather crowded out "with bookings to our fullest capacity" all through July and August.

We are not a bit surprised to learn this! For the "Seaside Holiday Home" is only another name for the "St. John's Home," Tankerton.

It is only last week that we criticised this place most severely, pointing out that it was one of the side-lines of the Westminster Charity Committee, that bogus institution run by Walter Blackburn and Hilda Richmond.

We were able to explain to our Wood Green reader that the seaside holiday home to which he proposed to send his two boys was, in reality, a small bungalow, with a single ward for adult women patients.

A small wooden hut adjacent to this bungalow was apparently the only accommodation available for the boys.

Nothing doing

When he learnt these facts, together with the interesting information that the Westminster Charity Committee was in the habit of making door-to-door collections to "maintain" its "home" at Tankerton, our reader held out his hand.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," he said. "And I'm glad JOHN BULL comes out on *Wednesday*! If I hadn't seen your article I might have sent my lads away to that place to-morrow!"

He assured us on parting that the headmaster had acted in perfect good faith in putting him in touch with what he took to be a bona-fide charity. We believe it.

And it is *because* honourable people are taken in in this way that we are constantly exposing such schemes.

AMAZING LUNACY STORY

PRACTICAL JOKE'S TERRIBLE SEQUEL

Soldier's "Delusion" Founded on Facts

A MOST extraordinary story of an ex-N.C.O. who, by escaping from an asylum last March, was able to prove his sanity before a leading mental specialist, has just been investigated by JOHN BULL.

Because he took what is now stated to be a foolish joke seriously, and because the military authorities regarded his faithful report of it as a delusion, an old campaigner, Sergeant T. J. Lyons, was rushed into a lunatic asylum five years ago, on the day after his youngest child was born.

Sergeant Lyons, who is now forty-five, has followed a soldier's career from the age of fourteen, and was in the Bedfordshires for many years.

The Sinn Fein bogey

Always an out-and-out Home Ruler, Lyons many a time had heated arguments on the Irish question. He was among the first who joined the Woolston branch of the Irish Self-Determination League, near his home at Sholing, Southampton.

He has survived many campaigns, but his last, although the least exacting in the military sense, was the cause of his enduring for five years the stigma of insanity.

During the coal strike of 1921, Lyons, having been demobilised from regular service a few months previously, joined the Defence Force, on the understanding that his services would not be used against the Irish.

While in camp on Southampton Common, Sergeant Lyons heard that Sinn Feiners were lurking in the vicinity. He treated the matter at first as only a rumour, but later he deemed it his duty to report what he had been told to the police.

The police investigated the allegation, and came to the conclusion that the sergeant's original premise was correct. They were convinced that it was nothing more than a rumour, and there were no Sinn Feiners about the camp.

There, no doubt, the matter would have ended, had not a strange thing happened.

After a few days, the sergeant states, a civilian friend with whom he had been strolling came up to him in Southampton and stated that his own life had just been threatened if he (the friend) was again seen in company with Sergeant Lyons.

Naturally, Sergeant Lyons was worried.

He cannot be blamed for concluding that, through his having previously made a report to the police about Sinn Feiners, he was now a marked man. The Sinn Feiners had no mercy for those whom they thought, rightly or wrongly, were spies.

As Sinn Feiners at that time and later perpetrated the most atrocious acts, such as dragging men from their beds and shooting them in cold blood, there were good grounds for his taking a serious view of the matter and for his subsequent action.

Condemned without trial

Feeling that his life was now in peril, Lyons lost no time in reporting the matter to his superior officers as soon as he returned to camp.

He was rushed off to the mental hospital at Netley, his statement being accepted as a delusion. No enquiry was made of the civilian friend as to whether or not there was any foundation for his sensational report.

Instead of being treated as a sane man who might or might not be suffering from a too-vivid imagination Lyons was treated forthwith as a lunatic, and for five years he has suffered the stigma of insanity.

Just a Joke

Only after his escape, when he was able to bring the facts to the notice of JOHN BULL, has it been possible to bring to light the fact that, instead of having a delusion in the generally accepted sense, Lyons was really the victim of a foolish practical joke played on him by the friend who said he had been threatened.

This friend has been interrogated by our Special Commissioner and we have his signed statement to the effect that the particular incident was nothing more than a joke, that his life was never threatened, and that neither the military authorities nor the police ever made any enquiries of him.

It is plain, therefore, that, joke or no joke, the authorities did not trouble to ascertain whether there was any foundation for what Lyons had reported.

In support of his claim that he was perfectly sane all through is the fact that in the various institutions where he was incarcerated, Lyons devoted most of his time to the welfare of other patients.

At the Old Manor, Salisbury, from which he escaped, he organised a football club for the patients, and also a lending library.

Naturally, he spared no effort to secure his own release, but, being as much in the dark as were the authorities that he was the victim of a "practical joke," he was unable to convince them.

Sergeant Lyons

Among those who made strenuous efforts on his behalf was Mr. Art O'Brien, the president of the Irish Self-Determination League, to which Lyons belonged at the time.

But he, again, did not know that Lyons' belief that he was in personal danger was due to his having taken seriously what must now be accepted as a foolish practical joke.

A case for compensation

We have made most careful enquiries, both in this country and in Ireland, and can find no cause for ex-Sergeant Lyons to continue in exile, and we hope that shortly there will be at the little country cottage near Southampton a happy reunion with the wife and six kiddies who anxiously await daddy's return.

The case calls for a very careful official enquiry, as, if Lyons, who is certainly sane now, was misjudged in 1921, he is entitled to substantial compensation for the terrible stigma placed upon him.

The Old Postman

A Death-bed Dilly-dally

AN old postman, aged eighty-seven, lies dying in Mayday Road Hospital, Thornton Heath, and because he cannot sign a form he and his daughter are deprived of their livelihood by the Post Office authorities.

Thirty years ago Frederick Bursill retired from the postal service, and since then his daughter and he have lived happily together in a little home in Mitcham. In June last the old man had a stroke and was admitted to hospital.

A daughter's dilemma

His daughter, when the day came, took the usual pension form for him to sign at the hospital. He had done so twelve times each year for thirty years, but this time he refused because his brain had almost gone.

He would not even make a cross on the paper.

What could his daughter do?

Dependent on the pension for her father's hospital expenses and for her own livelihood, she approached the Post Office authorities with a note from the doctor certifying that her father's mind was deranged and that he would not sign the form.

That time-worn taunt flung at so many when their daily bread was at stake—"We will look into the matter"—was her consolation.

Officialdom's answer

Time passed, and when a representative of JOHN BULL saw her, all she had to show was a pack of cards with which Government departments love to play at procrastination—"Will receive attention" . . . "Is receiving attention," etc.

How is it, we demand, that an honoured servant of the country is treated in so despicable a manner? Frederick Bursill, who thirty years ago was a postman in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace Gate, S.W., is dying in penury because decrepitude prevents him signing his name.

It is one of the most callous pieces of red tape ever known. Twelve times a year for thirty years Bursill has put his name to his pension form and now, in the face of death, brutal bureaucracy demands the impossible.

Fate's Hardest Knock

Mad Policeman's Fire Toll

FATE rarely deals a blow so hard as that suffered by poor Mrs. Timbrell, of 220, New John Street West, Birmingham.

This poor old lady, after losing all her wordly belongings, including furniture valued at £300, has expended her life savings in a fruitless effort to recoup the loss which was due to no fault of her own.

She is now penniless, and were it not that her two sons have been able just to provide enough for her bare existence, her plight would be even more terrible.

The facts of Mrs. Timbrell's case are exceptional. The circumstances probably never occurred before.

Six years ago the Lozells district of Birmingham was alarmed by numerous outbreaks of fire.

Lost by a lunatic

Their number and similarity suggested incendiarism, and eventually they were traced to the activities of a policeman who had become insane.

Had Mrs. Timbrell's belongings been in her home at the time, no doubt they would have been spared. But they were stored in a warehouse, and, the mad constable being partial to such places, they were destroyed.

Naturally, it was a terrible blow for poor Mrs. Timbrell, but friends consoled her with the hope that she might recover the value of her property.

After months of preparation, a claim against those storing her furniture when it was destroyed was heard at the Birmingham Assizes.

Third party risks

The furniture was not insured, and the fact that the goods were destroyed by the felonious act of a third party proved a good defence to her action.

Mrs. Timbrell lost her case. No blame attaches to anyone for what this poor woman has suffered.

Even the afflicted policeman can only be pitied. But it would be a fine thing if those knowing the romance associated with even the most drab household goods would help this poor old lady to enjoy once again in her declining years the pride of ownership.

May Fate deal more kindly with her now than it has done in the past.

TEAPOT TOUTS

MINER'S DREAM OF HOPE

An Expert's Opinion

PEOPLE who take up agencies should study the terms of their contracts carefully and also make themselves acquainted with the quality of the goods they are expected to sell

FOR some time past we have been inundated with queries and complaints from all parts regarding a company known as "Smith and Kay," of 67, Spring Street, Bury.

"Smith and Kay" is apparently merely a trading designation as the names of two partners, William Spencer and Wilfred Spencer, appear on the company's letter heading.

They describe themselves as "tea and coffee merchants, importers and blenders," and their business is said to incorporate that of the "Excelsior Tea Company."

Despise the wage slaves!

"Smith and Kay" have been very active in appointing "spare time" and "whole time" agents to sell their tea from door to door. In so doing they point out that they are "one of the biggest firms in this line of business" and "able to offer the finest possible sale value."

They also suggest that agents are assured of comfortable incomes for the rest of their lives. They speak in glowing terms of 100 per cent. "repeat orders" and the eulogistic testimony of past agents.

"Do not be a wage slave any longer—join us!" is one of their typical slogans.

In the face of all these confident assertions it is rather curious that most of the complaints to reach us regarding "Smith and Kay" have come from people who have acted for them as agents.

A miner's misgivings

A typical example is afforded by the experience of a West Leigh reader. This poor fellow is a miner, with four young children to support, who thought that a spare-time agency offered by "Smith and Kay" would be a profitable occupation.

He signed a contract in June, 1925, by the terms of which he was to sell 10 lb. of tea in his first week and increase his sales by 10 lb. weekly for five weeks.

If he reached the required 50 lb. in the fifth week he was to be considered a full-time agent at a salary of £2 10s. per week. After that increases in salary were to be commensurate with his sales.

The contract also contained certain penalties. If the agreed quota was not reached in any given week, the agent was to forgo his salary and merely draw commission.

He had to supply the name of a person to guarantee £10 against any possible liabilities he might incur.

The agent started enthusiastically, and in the first week sold 12 lb. of "Excelsior" tea. In the second week his sales went up to 20½ lb.; but in the third week he was only able to dispose of 16 lb.

What was the reason for this drop after such a hopeful beginning? It was a matter of considerable concern to our reader, for it was due to the fact that he was *receiving complaints from customers about the quality of the tea!*

He states that he could get no repeat orders for the higher grades and only occasional ones for the poorer qualities—and even these soon dropped off altogether. Many of the repeat orders he did get were from friends who took the tea to "oblige" him.

Through this falling-off he made the requisite deductions from his salary and refunded the balance to the company. In November he discontinued the agency.

In the course of his employment the company had sent him a bill for tea which he had never received.

Mysterious disappearances

On two subsequent occasions parcels of tea and cocoa were "lost" in this mysterious manner, and the agent received many pressing letters on the subject.

In the end he was summoned by "Smith and Kay" in respect of the value of the "lost" goods. He defended himself and won the day, the judge allowing him 10s. costs and declaring that there was no case against him.

It should be noted that the missing articles had been specially sent for by him and their non-arrival lost him several customers.

This was not the only trouble which he had in the course of his short agency. In connection with the "Excelsior" tea coupons were issued for a prize scheme, and, though several sets of these coupons were duly sent in, the prizes did not materialise. Numerous letters of enquiry on this subject were ignored.

A tea-taster tells

Numerous complaints have reached us bearing out the testimony of our Leigh reader and other agents regarding the inferior quality of "Excelsior" tea.

The report of a tea-taster who has been in the business for thirty years was far from satisfactory.

Another expert, who examined two samples of this tea, volunteered the information that it was very poor quality, and he would not care for the name of *his* firm to be associated with such an output!

It should be clearly understood that the particular experience we have singled out above is typical of many other agents—even down to the practice of claiming for goods undelivered!

In these circumstances we cannot take a favourable view of "Smith and Kay's" agency offers, and people should ponder the foregoing facts very carefully before committing themselves by signing their curious contracts.

THE PHANTOM FLIER

UP-IN-THE-AIR ADVERTISING

The Optimism of Casimir

SOME people fly high, but when their financial backing is negligible, and the man at the helm is unstable, a crash is a foregone conclusion! Here is a case in point

LAST year a wonderful advertising scheme was boomed by a concern styled Hucks' Night Fliers, Ltd., of Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Immense profits, it was declared, were to be made by a new form of aerial advertising.

A practical system, by which illuminated signs could be displayed by specially constructed aeroplanes, had been discovered and demonstrated. We have no doubt that with proper management and sound financial backing this company might have met with more success. What, however, has happened?

Hucks' Night Fliers, Ltd., had contracted with a firm of aeronautical engineers at Addlestone, Surrey, for the building of one of these machines and, according to their prospectus, "work had been commenced upon its construction and was well advanced."

It was estimated that this machine would earn a net profit of over £3,000 in 365 hours' flying and the general prospects of the scheme were painted in very rosy terms.

Reference to Somerset House shows that this company was launched with the nominal capital of only £100!

It was registered in September last for the purpose of acquiring from the patentees "improvements in or relating to apparatus for advertising and similar purposes."

"Look on this picture . . ."

The three "patentees" qualified as directors of the company by subscribing £1 each. The managing director and secretary of this company is a gentleman named Casimir de Bounevialle.

A very attractive prospectus was subsequently issued offering £10,000 debentures on this £100 company, in which, according to the latest available returns, only £3 has been subscribed!

The front page of this prospectus was decorated with a photograph of a machine flying over London, with an advertising slogan showing plainly on its under wing. This was merely a clever composite photograph—the aeroplane depicted being a model.

Because of certain elements of doubt we sent a representative to Addlestone to inspect the wonderful "Night Flier."

". . . and on this."

He interviewed the technical expert, who stated that it was quite true that an order had been placed with his firm by Hucks' Night Fliers, Ltd., for the construction of a machine. He added, however, that the whole thing was held up for want of cash.

When our representative pointed out the paragraph in the prospectus which declared that the work was well-advanced, the expert was greatly surprised.

He led the way through to a hangar and pointed to various dust-laden parts of an aeroplane.

There was no semblance of a machine—the work having been abandoned at a very early stage!

Hucks' Night Fliers had continually promised cash, and the builders had refrained from suing them.

Enter Lady Patricia Martyn-Baker

Now the managing director and secretary of this ambitious but poorly financed company, Casimir de Bounevialle, would appear to have other worries on his shoulders besides the affairs of his aeronautical venture.

A poor fellow in South London, who represents a well-known wine company, received an order in January last from a lady described as Lady Patricia Martyn-Baker.

This lady also signs herself "Patricia de Bounevialle" and resided in Edith Road, London, W., which is also the address given by Mr. Casimir de Bounevialle.

She proved a regular customer, and various orders came in every few days.

£1 had been paid on account, but very soon a sum of nearly £7 was due.

After worrying for payment for some time he received a letter written by Casimir de Bounevialle, from Red Lion House, stating that he would hold himself personally responsible for the debt.

The agent pays

Pressed by his head office the agent paid the account himself, and since April last has been waiting for Casimir to carry out his promise.

Application to the Edith Road address has been unsuccessful, and last month a letter was returned from there marked "Gone away."

The flat occupied by Casimir de Bounevialle and Lady Patricia was a furnished one, which they vacated hurriedly, without paying the rent.

An interview with the estate agent concerned elicited the information that he had obtained a judgment against Mr. de Bounevialle, who regretted his inability to pay and said that he could do nothing until his affairs were straightened out.

With the company owing money itself, and the managing director in similar difficulties, we feel we have done our duty in affording them this "illuminating publicity."

We feel it particularly because another appeal has recently appeared asking for £6,000. All we can say is that if we had £6,000 to invest it would not find its way into this company whilst it has as its managing director Mr. Casimir de Bounevialle.

PANEL DOCTORS: STRANGE DISCLOSURES

WHY A K.C. RESIGNED

Minister of Health in a Contrary Mood

DOCTORS are agreed all over the country that the attitude of the Minister of Health towards the findings of the local Health Insurance Committees in the event of a complaint by a panel patient against a practitioner is incomprehensible.

In every area there is a Health Insurance Acts Committee which appoints a Medical and Pharmaceutical Service Sub-Committee to deal with complaints from Panel patients.

In almost every case these two bodies come to a unanimous decision as to whether or not the doctor has infringed the regulations and so regularly does the Minister of Health reverse the recommendation put forward by them that they are beginning to feel that their existence is purposeless.

A practical protest

Recently Mr. J. C. Priestley, K.C., the Chairman of the Hertfordshire Quarter Sessions, tendered his resignation from the West Hertfordshire Sub-Committee because some parts of the insurance system which he had to administer ran contrary to the ideas of justice in which he had been trained.

The mere fact that these sub-committees are composed of such unimpeachable men lends weight to any decision they may reach. And, the mere fact that such an able legal mind recoils at the conduct of the system, shows that all is not well.

The preoccupation of the officials of the Ministry with technicalities at the expense of a doctor's reputation so disgusted the learned King's counsel that he retired.

The case in question was this:

A busy doctor as soon as he had seen his patients dictated his prescriptions to a qualified dispenser over the telephone; the dispenser wrote down the prescription and signed it, but the doctor did not.

The Ministry steps in

The doctor frankly admitted to the sub-committee that he had overlooked the regulation. It would not occur again. The sub-committee unanimously agreed upon a caution and that no penalty should be imposed, and the committee endorsed that recommendation.

The officials at the Health Ministry considered that as there has been a breach of contract there must necessarily be a penalty. And this despite the fact that no damage has been suffered.

The doctor had to pay £5 damages.

In Mr. Priestley's view the Minister had acted as a judge in a case in which he was an interested party; and *although he had not heard the case* had inflicted a penalty against the advice of the tribunal which had heard it. He would be out of place in assisting such administration, he concluded.

The above is but one of many travesties of justice.

There was a curious reverse case some time ago in London when the Committee came to the considered decision that a certain practitioner should be removed from the panel. With this the Minister did not agree, although he considered the doctor had failed to provide a "proper standard of medical treatment" and would be fined £10.

The difficulties besetting the diagnostician are sometimes insurmountable. The most brilliant specialist may make an error of diagnosis in an obscure complaint, and it is manifestly unfair to penalise a doctor who has made a mistake in good faith, providing there is neither negligence on his part nor professional incompetence.

Yet the Ministry of Health would appear to demand omniscience. A London panel patient recently died from diphtheria which the doctor had pronounced as tonsilitis.

A complaint was lodged with the Insurance Committee, which found that the original diagnosis was correct and that any failure to discover diphtheria was understandable because of the possibility of the one disease masking the other.

What of the lawyer?

The committee accordingly exonerated the doctor from the charge of negligence. The Minister of Health thought differently and without hearing the case again, imposed a penalty of £20.

How can errors of professional judgment be truly regarded as breaches of the regulations? If it applies in the medical profession, why not in the legal? We have not heard of any penalty imposed upon

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

a judge or magistrate whose decision is reversed by the Appeal Court.

We have no quarrel whatever with the Ministry of Health in any conscientious endeavour to protect the panel patient. And as the latter class is affected, the system is working remarkably well.

Considering that there are fifteen million panel patients, the number of complaints is infinitesimal. But justice must be even, and we know that the vast majority of panel patients will support us in our demand that justice should be done to the doctors.

TWO DARK KNIGHTS

—AND LAWSON THE KNIGHT ERRANT

There are more ways of catching the gullible than one. Mr. Baker has invented a new game!

WHO dares to say that the flower of knighthood blooms no more? Three chivalrous knights have recently come under our notice, and some comments upon their activities should be of interest to our readers.

They are no ordinary knights. Being of the twentieth-century variety they have not come forward to rescue damsels in distress. They are commercial free-lances who are offering their services on behalf of people who have been victimised in oil plot swindles.

A fee free-lance

First of all let us consider Mr. Thomas Baker, who modestly describes himself, not as a knight, but as a "Financial Investigator." This gentleman has been busily sending out circulars from Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London, W.1, urging people to "accept the advantage" of his efforts to recover money from oil plot schemes.

For the privilege of enrolling upon Mr. Baker's register a fee of £1 is called for "to cover clerical costs, etc." Clients are also to pay Mr. Baker 5 per cent. of any money realised through his efforts.

At best this offer is a dubious one, and the latest news of this knight is that he has disappeared from his Lisle Street office and is not to be found. A sorry stain upon his escutcheon.

The second knight to come under our notice is Mr. S. Lawson, trading as the Lawson Financial Enquiry Agency, of Endell Street, W.C.2.

He has also been sending out circulars offering the same sort of services on behalf of investors in American Oil Share propositions. There is no fixed charge for these services, but those who can afford to do so are asked to send "as liberal a subscription as possible" though "every donation, however small it may be, is welcome."

The arrival of a rival

Mr. S. Lawson has not decamped from his office, and he may possibly be working with the best intentions, but the fact that he also undertakes to make enquiries about any company for the modest fee of 1s., stamps him as a super-optimist.

How can he sell his services so cheaply?

In any case, we are afraid his optimism is likely to be somewhat crushed when he learns that apart from Mr. Baker, a gentleman by the name of Singer is now in the field.

Singer's sweet song

This is none other than our old friend Maurice Singer, from Toronto, who since his arrival has established himself in an office in Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W.

We must confess, and our readers will agree, that hitherto we had not regarded Mr. Singer as a knight in armour. In fact, we have said some rather bitter things about his activities in connection with the British Associated Oil Company.

This notorious ramp was worked on this side a little while back by Jacob Factor, whilst Singer pulled certain strings on the far side of the Atlantic.

Now Singer has come here in knightly array, denouncing Factor as a dragon whom he is bent upon slaying!! In other words he too is sending out circulars to the oil share dupes in this country offering *his* services "to rectify errors and remove misunderstandings" that may have arisen through Factor's wicked wiles!

This is, of course, a very soothing story but the public should turn a deaf ear to Singer's new propos ls.

He is sending with his circulars a questionnaire, one of the questions being "Would you dispose" of your holdings in our company "at your original purchase price." If this means that Mr. Singer is willing to buy them back, our advice would be to let him do so by all means.

Safety first!

But on no account should investors part with any more money!

What we want now is a knight to save oil-share victims from being "protected." So far as we are able to fulfil that rôle we shall be happy to oblige.

When free-lances of the sort we have indicated offer you their services be on the safe side and write to John Bull about it first!

A TAILOR TOURIST

DR. GREEN'S CRAZY CAREER

The Man with Many Names

HOW a tailor's assistant developed into a cunning and habitual trickster is told in the following remarkable story:

A few years ago a man named Percy A. Skene left his humble employment in a tailor's shop in Regent Street and took up a position with one of the leading multiple stores in the West End.

He worked hard, and in due course was appointed to a position of trust in the travel bureau department. The tours, run under the auspices of the great concern, proved very popular, and Skene might have gone far had he not abused his position.

There came a time when he was entrusted with large sums of money by the firm with which to settle certain accounts, hotel bills, etc., in connection with the tours. This he neglected to do and instead disappeared with the money.

A black-list ban

After this lapse he began masquerading under a variety of names and commenced running tours on his own account. All his ventures now were marked with shady aspects, and he soon began to obtain numerous dupes, sometimes passing as "Percy Taylor."

When operating as "Taylor's Tours" he victimised the proprietor of an hotel at Montreux by booking up rooms for tourists and failing to settle their accounts. In view of activities of this sort he was ultimately black-listed by the Swiss Hotel Proprietors' Organisation.

Amongst his friends in the West End, Skene is noted for a remarkable story. "There is not a safe in the world," he once boasted, "that I can't open."

Even if this remark was merely made in jest, it gives an illuminating idea of the speaker's frame of mind.

A Continental catch

And these facts are very interesting in view of certain additional disclosures we are able to make. Percy A. Skene, the tailor-tourist trickster, is the rogue behind "Dr. Green's Touring Agency"—a concern which was exposed by us in a recent issue. "Dr. Green," to be exact, is merely another of his many aliases.

In this name he perpetrated one of his most heartless frauds by stranding a number of holiday-makers in Ostend, where he had led them to believe they would be met by couriers who did not actually exist!

We mentioned at the time that it was scandalous that he had not been brought to book although many complaints had been lodged with the police. With the additional information outlined above perhaps they will now make some concerted effort to capture this slippery trickster.

We are in a position to state that one warrant for Skene's arrest on charges of obtaining money by false pretences was issued as far back as last November. Why has it never been executed?

The official opinion is that he is now hiding either in France or Belgium, where, as we have shown, he has robbed victims by the same methods as those he employed in this country.

Percy's passport

But even if Skene, alias Dawson, alias Taylor, alias Green *is* now in hiding on the Continent, surely some effort should be made to effect his arrest. It should not be a difficult matter. He has a passport in his own name and is well known at leading Continental hotels, some of which he has defrauded.

If Scotland Yard confers with the French Surette, and we hope they will, it is more than likely that Percy A. Skene will soon be found.

ASHTON SLIPS UP!

TRIBUTE TO "JOHN BULL"

Henry Disgorges

EARLY this year we were approached by Messrs. Wilberforce, Bridge & Co., solicitors, of Doncaster, who were acting for a client who had been fleeced of £200 by Henry Allen Ashton.

They knew that Ashton and his notorious company, the London Financial Service, Ltd., had been repeatedly exposed in JOHN BULL, and they sought our aid in the matter.

We willingly granted them full access to our dossiers, with the result that they straightway issued a writ claiming the return of £200.

In due course they delivered a statement of claim alleging that the money had been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation.

Playing for time

Henry Allen Ashton hung matters up as long as he could by delaying delivery of pleadings and neglecting to comply with various orders for further and better particulars. He also applied for security for costs, but this application was dismissed, the decision being that the plaintiffs should get the costs in any event.

After this Ashton's solicitors endeavoured to obtain a settlement out of court by threatening liquidation and all sorts of extreme measures if such a settlement could not be achieved.

Ultimately it was agreed that the action be disposed of on Ashton agreeing to pay £100 in two equal instalments plus £80 8s. for costs.

Fifty pounds was paid over on July 7 the agreement being that the balance should be paid a month later. On August 5, however, Ashton's solicitors wrote that a debenture holder had appointed a receiver and manager.

But that Ashton was anxious to settle the claim personally and offered to do so in monthly instalments of £30.

This offer was refused, whereupon Ashton himself wired to say that he could borrow £100, but if they refused to accept this he would file his petition.

He was told that no communication could be considered unless it came through his solicitors.

Henry pays up

Meanwhile investigation at Somerset House had elicited the fact that two debentures for £500 had been issued to Henry Allen Ashton himself!

The obvious conclusion was, therefore, drawn from his action in appointing a "receiver and manager" on August 4, and a strong letter was despatched to his solicitors.

This brought forth a cheque for the full amount of the outstanding debt and costs, and the plaintiff's solicitors have written to us as follows:

"We have to thank you for your very kindly assistance in this matter, which was a great help to us in bringing it to so satisfactory a conclusion."

One other point will be of interest to the general public. On July 30 Henry Allen Ashton was sending out circular letters offering 500 of his ordinary shares for sale.

"Our Chartered Accountant's report, signed to-day," he wrote, "shows that this year's profit to 30th June, 1926, is the biggest in the history of this company. July has beaten all previous records."

A record-breaking bluffer

Yet a few days later he was talking about the appointment of a "receiver and manager," and about borrowing £100!

This seems to stamp Henry Allen Ashton as the biggest bluffer in the history of crooked finance, and a breaker of all previous records for eye-wash!

We are glad he came a cropper at Doncaster!

One Window—Five Years!

ANOTHER BROADMOOR VICTIM

A Tragedy of Smooth Words

OF all the weaknesses in our penal system, surely the most cruel is that associated with Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

A person charged with some paltry offence at a police court may be deemed "unfit to plead," and instead of receiving the small sentence which would be inflicted on a sane man, is ordered to be "detained during his Majesty's pleasure."

This is a delightfully vague phrase, even a kindly phrase, but it conceals some heartbreaking tragedies behind its smooth official words.

A man so detained receives the worst of all punishments—an undefined and inderterminate sentence.

He may be detained for five or ten years, or even he may never regain his liberty.

For nearly five years Frank Leonard Vince has languished in the company of murderers and moral perverts in Broadmoor. The reason of his incarceration is that he was deemed unfit to plead when charged at Surrey Quarter Sessions with committing damage to a window and the panel of a door.

A Terrific Sentence

Little did the jury guess what a punishment they had imposed upon the man.

They never imagined that they were sending a human being to life-long imprisonment, from which he had as little chance of escape as any convict doomed to Devil's Island.

The Senior Medical Officer at Brixton Prison kept Vince under observation and came to the conclusion that he was insane, suffering from delusions of persecution.

Instead, therefore, of receiving a small fine or a brief sentence of imprisonment, he was packed off to Broadmoor. He has been there ever since.

His wife, a little white-haired woman with sad brown eyes, lives and hopes for her husband's release, in a tiny back room in Twickenham. She has written to everyone she imagines to have any influence upon the release of her husband.

Three times, with commendable patience, the Secretary of State has replied in stereotyped form that "in view of all the circumstances he would not feel justified in authorising the patient's discharge from the Asylum."

It seems also that no relative will take responsibility for the poor man.

On the other hand, the Salvation Army has promised to give him work and a home for the first six months after his release, should the prison authorities see fit to allow this poor prisoner his liberty.

Time for examination

We are frankly worried about Vince. It is so difficult to outstay one's welcome in this hospitable institution where people are detained for life, for less even than the mere breaking of a window.

It should be impossible for anyone to undergo detention in a criminal lunatic asylum like this for an indefinite number of years.

After all, what form did Vince's weakness take?

He merely had delusions of persecution. Five years for that!

We ask for an examination of Vince or at least his removal from the shadow of crime. Otherwise his persecution is no delusion, but a grim fact.

A NEW YORK paper stated recently: "England does not change. Her amateur economists are becoming the laughing-stock of the world and yet she has an array of talent. In John Derwas Baugh she has an economist of international repute."

Here's the Secret!

by JOHN DERWAS BAUGH *(the well-known Economist and Publicist)*

OUR system of government is failing in its essential object—namely, that of securing justice between man and man.

If the House of Commons regains its reputation for doing justice, England will support it; but if it loses that reputation the average Englishman will first despise it and then demand its wholesale reconstruction.

To-day, undoubtedly, it is an object of contempt. To-morrow, unless it has reformed, it will be consigned to the scrap-heap of institutions that have failed.

The British working man is convinced that the trouble in the coal industry and the depression in other industries are the direct result of an inefficient government, and that as a result of such inefficiency the standard of living is being lowered.

The general strike settled nothing. The danger to British industry still remains. It is not a danger of cataclysm, but of disintegration. There is an increase of cynicism on the one hand and brutality on the other, and a degeneration of suspicion into hate. Modern industry cannot be split into hostile camps and continue to survive.

Is there any solution? Those in England capable of forming an opinion, and many of our friends abroad, say that a proper understanding of the British working man's grievances will point the way. Surely if this is true, an effort should be made to understand his grievances?

Divorced friendship

The working man says he wants justice. He says that he is not getting it to-day and that he did not get it before the war. He says, further, that the promises made to him during the war have not been redeemed.

The working man's position is not an enviable one. On the one hand he has the Trade Union Congress. So far from representing Labour this is nothing but a dictatorship working in secret and organised for disorganisation. It dragoons Labour, threatens the community and makes itself a sort of committee of unsafety.

It exploits the wants that demand considered and considerate remedies and when, as of late, it comes to collide not with Capital but with the State the futility of its position is aggravated.

On the other hand there is the employer. The old personal and friendly relations between master and man have broken up. The wholesome feelings of mutual dependence have fallen into abeyance, and little or nothing has been done to replace the first or revive the others.

We have been drifting towards an ineffectual separation into two distinct nations, each living its own life and thinking its own thoughts, and wholly unaware that they have any interest, let alone any obligations whatever in common.

The unwise wealthy

The blame for the estrangement has not lain with the working classes alone. Both the constitution and the spirit of our upper classes have undergone a great change. New and shorter roads to fortune have been made, and new men have come to the front unaccustomed to the use of wealth and ignorant of its responsibilities.

Their main idea of outlay for it is an extravagant and ostentatious degree of self-indulgence, truly a sufficient cause to make most men see red.

Surely it is possible, then, for us to confess that things are far from right, without saying that the only way to reform is to overthrow? And must we not confess that Labour has indeed been exploited and treated as a machine, and has retaliated by refusing to do its best unless assured of an adequate share of the further profits which would accompany greater effort?

What wonderful promises were made to the working man during the war! We promised that as a result of his services during the war he should have some definite stake in the country, some definite interest in the ever-increasing production of wealth.

Pie-crust promises

We promised the working man that as a result of efficiency in government and organisation in industry his standard of living should be improved.

Why have we not redeemed these promises? Surely we could have embarked in a national way on the very practical policy of profit sharing.

When profit sharing is established the three parties interested in all industries—the employer, the employee and the community—will each benefit in various ways. Profit sharing means a willing co-operation of employers and employed genuinely convinced that each partner is doing its best for the other. It means a suspension of strikes and lock-outs; it means a new era of cheerful vigour for the whole nation.

We want profit sharing not only in one basic industry, but in every industry. Those of us who have any sense of justice must always rebel at the fact that a large share of the wealth of the world is constantly absorbed by people who do not work at all, while those who work hardest not infrequently gain nothing from the ever-increasing production of wealth.

This is the real problem of distribution, and essentially it is a problem of wages and profit sharing.

"There are two facts which are indisputable," said Mr. Philip Snowden recently, "first that the possibility of increased output is unlimited, and second that there is a vast and yet undreamed of consuming power left unsatisfied. The industrial problem is the problem of attaining these two possibilities. High wages and cheap production are the key to solve that problem."

Misery and millions

Surely we might also have fulfilled our promise that the working man should have efficiency in government and the organisation of industry. In my view few people have the slightest conception of the magnitude of the economies which could be effected if a serious effort were made by Parliament to set our house in order.

The waste of our resources which is daily being incurred is stupendous. During the last few years we have spent something like £340,000,000 on keeping over a million men idle.

It may come as a surprise to our politicians to know that the working man desires to rid himself and the country of the "dole" and the employment exchanges. Employment exchanges are places where men and women spend their time qualifying for the "dole." Parliament has no right to give a man money when what he asks for is work, for much of its money is derived from the taxation of men who are equally poor or even poorer.

The working man asks Parliament to rid him of this policy of waste, and in its place to give him one definite benefit. That which he desires is costly but it is sound.

The benefit he desires is protection in old age

Mr. John Derwas Baugh

free of all restrictions. He asks for a pension on which he can live when he is too old to work: he asks that the fear of the workhouse may be removed from his life.

The working men and the working women are prepared to fall back upon their clubs and unions for any protection they may require in times of sickness and unemployment.

Bewhiskered methods

This policy of waste breeds waste in all directions—waste in time and waste in money. It wastes the time of the employer and the employee; it causes waste from the moment the stamp is printed until the man lines up for his "dole," and it has cost the country since the war something like one thousand million pounds.

There is no blinking the fact that we are an intensely badly organised community. The waste of national reserve which is daily being incurred is stupendous. Our methods of distribution of commodities are archaic and their cost without exaggeration needlessly and enormously high.

And the standard of living in this country is undesirably low. Alongside of our national wealth there is a hopeless mass of poverty and discontent. Millions of our people are fighting for a bare existence. They are badly housed and badly fed.

Surely if we can pledge our national credit to place Germany on her feet, if at the behest of that reptile the international financier, who battens on our blood and sweat, Parliament can spend £150,000,000 on Mesopotamia, surely it can, for once, think constructively and vote sufficient money to place our basic industries on a sound economic foundation.

It has always been the fond boast of the English that they muddle through however hard they are beset. The boast is not the boast of wisdom and courage. There is no merit in accidental success. The truth is that he who first made a virtue of inefficiency deserved very ill of his country.

Reform representatives

The need for economy in unremunerative expenditure should not be confused with the mistaken economy in developing the national resources. The difficulty is that Members of Parliament seem unable to appreciate the difference between economy and waste. Before we can hope for industrial reform we must have reform in Parliament.

Until something teaches Members of Parliament to desire wisdom and knowledge for its own sake and not for the gain it brings, and until there arises in Parliament an intellectual energy which shall replace the apathy of present days we shall remain much as we are.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To Sir DANIEL HALL,
Pres., Agricultural Section, British Association.

DEAR SIR,—You doubt whether the cultivated land of the world can continue to support a steadily increasing population, and you suggest that drastic changes of habit may become necessary if mankind is to continue to sustain itself from the products of the land. I do not fear the reality of the spectre you call up. What I feel of more importance is the fact that not only are we not putting more land under the harrow, but we are actually each year sending more and more acres out of cultivation JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOSIAH STAMP,
Tantallon, Shortlands, Kent.

SIR,—Your unqualified defence of inherited wealth is unconvincing. Make no mistake, there is a growing revolt against the spectacle of useless people living in luxury and idleness upon the accumulations of their ancestors. Unless your dry-as-dust economics can be harmonised with truth and justice, its day is over.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Dr. KEMPTHORNE,
Bishop of Lichfield.

MY LORD BISHOP,—You stand splendidly apart from the time-serving ecclesiastics who are trying to persuade us that the nation's industrial agonies are no concern of the Christian Church. In your manly appeal for toleration and justice you have the support of millions who believe that the test of a religion is its capacity to assuage human ills.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel T. C. MOORE,
Conservative Member for Ayr.

DEAR COLONEL,—The members of the Association of British Creditors of Russia are sore with you because you have become a director of a company which is obtaining its oil from properties seized without compensation. You reply that to abstain from trade can benefit nobody, and that only by developing friendly commercial relations with Russia can we hope to influence her towards the redemption of pre-revolutionary obligations. I certainly agree with you that the policy of isolation is the policy of folly.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir HENRY BARTON,
15, Park Avenue North, London, N.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—Your timely appeal to the British Government to follow the example of France in reforming the leasehold system merits earnest consideration. "One of the effects of the present system," you point out, "is to transfer at regular intervals the value of a business goodwill from the pocket of the man who built it up to the pocket of his landlord." In these few words you expose a burning injustice. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY,
Labour Candidate, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—It is, as you say, an "extraordinary paradox" that while there are more than a million unemployed, there should be thousands in bitter want of the necessities these idle workers could produce. At the same time, I am sure that your cut-and-dried Socialist theories will not furnish a practical remedy. We shall progress when politics shake hands with common-sense.

JOHN BULL.

To Professor J. C. MAXWELL GARNETT,
21, Well Walk, Hampstead.

DEAR SIR,—That was a fine speech of yours to the British Association in which you drove home the lesson that "patriotism is not enough." It may be a long time before we are ready to merge our national loyalties in a larger allegiance to "the world-wide society of mankind," but it is the truest wisdom which points out that humanity must capture this ideal or perish. JOHN BULL.

To Miss JENNIE CORPOER,
High Road, Leyton.

DEAR JENNIE,—I scarcely know which to admire the more, your presence of mind or pluck, since both are remarkable in a girl of fifteen. You were enjoying a bathe at Ryde when you noticed that another girl visitor, who was unable to swim, had stepped into deep water. You hurried to her assistance, and succeeded in bringing her so close to shore that your father was able to wade in to the aid of you both. I warrant he was proud of his daughter, and that a rousing reception awaits you on your return to school. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. HENRY LENTON,
Baker, Rushden, Northamptonshire.

SIR,—You have just been fined £8 by the Wellingborough magistrates for selling loaves of incorrect weight, this being your fourth conviction for the same offence. If carelessness is responsible, it is time it was remedied. Let this be the last time, or I may have more to say.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN BARRETT,
Walpole Street, Norwich.

DEAR SIR,—A hundred years of life has not dimmed your faculties nor destroyed your keen appreciation of a joke. You have taken your share of the world's work and joined in its play. That your own grand-children, great grand-children and at least one great-great-grandchild still find you lively company is good. Truly, the spirit within man need not age, and you are one in whom it does not. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN BEARD,
Pres., Workers' Union, Golders Green.

DEAR SIR,—Your proposal to solve the unemployed problem by giving every working man and woman in the country four weeks' holiday with pay may be excellent propaganda, but it is not sound sense. The unemployment question can be solved in one way only—by the provision of work. Until every able-bodied person in a country becomes productive finance will never be completely sound. JOHN BULL.

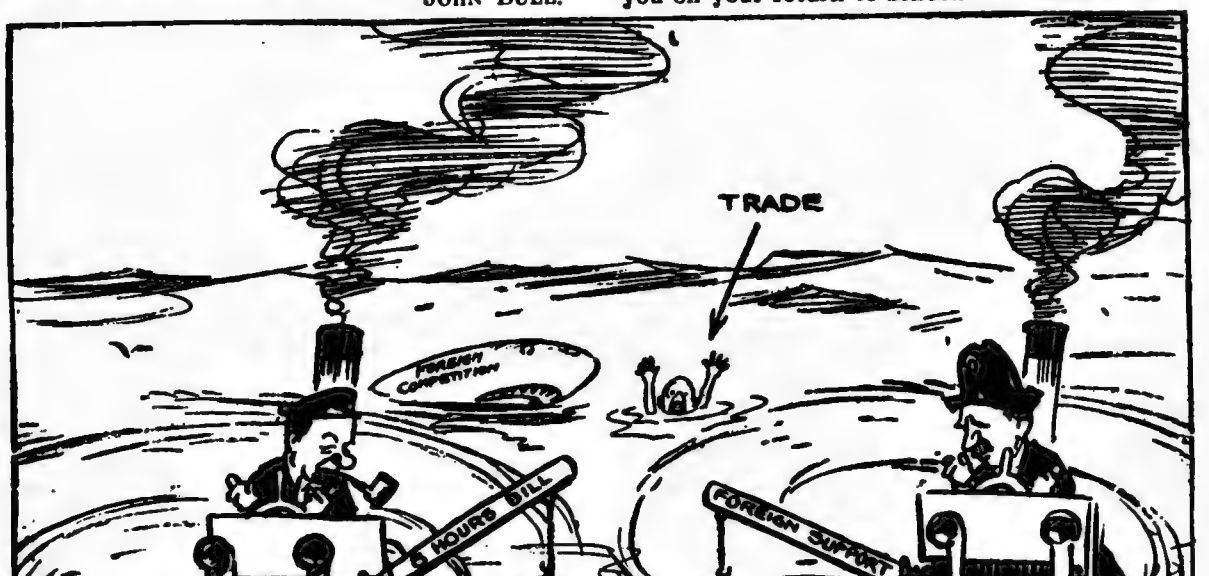
To Mr. ANDREW FRAZER,
Mellish Street, Millwall.

DEAR SIR,—You are eighty years of age, and still working as an engineer, though for "not more than eight and a half hours a day now." Time was when you laboured for twelve and more. You are healthy, and have been with the same firm for sixty-three years. I will not hurt your feelings by hinting that you have earned a rest, for I am sure you are the kind of vigorous octogenarian who couldn't be idle if he tried. Alas, the world seems to have mislaid your pattern these days, and it's all the worse for the world! JOHN BULL.

To Professor J. GRAHAM KERR, F.R.S.,
9, The University, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—In stating that the "leaders of men no longer force themselves to the front by the sheer power of their outstanding ability" you have put your finger on the weakest spot in democratic Government. The mob mind is swayed by mob oratory and we are in real danger of being governed, not by the men with most constructive ability, but those with the finest gift of gab. We must have better education of the common people, and teach them to think for themselves.

JOHN BULL.



The Channel Wins

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN:—"I want a month of watching cricket."

To leave us in the lurch of industrial misery isn't cricket.

MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN:—"I am an individualist."

No need to stress the point. Actions speak louder than words.

MR. L. S. AMERY, M.P.:—"Emigration is too important a matter to be left to chance."

No matter of politics should be left to chance, but they are, and that's the trouble.

SIR FRANK FOX:—"The schoolmaster and the schoolmistress are the guardians of the Empire."

In that case it's a pity we don't spend a bit more on scholarships and a bit less on battleships.

MISS REBECCA WEST:—"The houses people live in effect their marriage relations profoundly."

And the houses people don't live in effect them a jolly sight worse.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

POST OFFICE SWINDLERS

Pride and Shame

IN the hope of encouraging tourists from abroad to visit these pleasant shores, a "Come to Britain" campaign has been inaugurated, with the active support of the Overseas Department of the Board of Trade.

There is nothing to be said against this plan. Since the bulk of our home population are too poor to make good customers, it is a sensible thing to encourage visitors from other lands with money to spare and to spend.

At the same time we must be careful what we show these foreign tourists, or they may retain impressions damaging to our national reputation.

It will not do to let them see our squalid acres of city slums, where hovels do duty for homes, and children grow up deformed and diseased.

It will not be wise to lead them past the Labour Exchanges where a million-and-three-quarters of our able-bodied citizens are standing in queues, waiting hopelessly for a chance to work.

It will be better to steer them clear of the mining districts upon which starvation is settling like a funeral pall, while men are fighting with the courage of desperation to prevent the fetters of poverty being riveted upon them for ever.

The tragedy is that a land having so much of which it may justly boast, has yet so many festering sores it must hide if it is to retain the respect of men and women gifted with a just sense of social values.

It will be a happy day when we can invite the world and his wife to travel from Land's End to John o' Groats, with the proud consciousness that in all our broad domain there is nothing which is not fit to be seen.

Tell Them!

YOUTH, represented by 1,500 delegates to its World Conference, has given a knock-out blow to the religious leaders. It is not bursting with new ideas. It does not come to its great meeting filled with zeal for reconstructing a war-riddled world.

What youth is demanding, with a voice that cannot be ignored, is that all the perplexities and mysteries connected with sex shall be cleared out of its way.

To all the sixteen nationalities represented at Helsingfors sex constitutes the chief problem. They protest against fake modesty and demand frankness. They don't want to be left to "pick up things from older fellows"; they demand enlightenment at the right time and by the right people.

There is nothing unhealthy in this demand. On the contrary, it is eminently sane. The young men are protesting against the prudery we have always consistently condemned.

Civil and religious leaders have concurred in the conspiracy of silence on these fundamental facts of life, but have joined in no uncertain voice of criticism and censure on youth when it falls.

Now youth is in revolt. Upon how it is met, and with what weapons, hang the future happiness and purity of the world.

Misusing His Majesty's Mails

RAMPS and swindles, large and small, cheap or costly, could all be prevented by the closer attention of the Post Office to the use of its mails. It has been done in America; why should it not be done in England?

WEEK by week in the pages of JOHN BULL we lay bare the wiles and tricks of those who seek to get rich on the ignorance and credulity of their fellows.

It is, perhaps, as well to point out that we do not indulge in this for the pleasure of exposing the tricksters, but for the very definite purpose of warning the public, and with the object of preventing those who can ill afford it from losing their money in wild-cat speculations or palpable ramps.

For a disquieting feature of nearly all these fraudulent schemes is that their promoters nearly always aim at those to whom the loss of even a shilling is likely to prove a serious item.

We have urged again and again that there should be a drastic revision of the company laws to make it impossible for some of the biggest and most palpable frauds to be worked, as they are now, with impunity if not within the very shadow of the law itself.

It is a reform that is long overdue, but even if the company law was revised that would still leave the way open for hosts of other swindlers to ply their trade.

And yet, if one is to judge by the experience of America, it is the simplest thing on earth to stop these twisters. The majority of them work through the post, and, realising that, America has made the Post Office the centre of its attentions.

She regards all such games as an illegal use of the United States mails, and all cases that arise are given a preliminary hearing by the solicitor of the Post Office Department, who has estimated that over a billion dollars annually are lost by the gullible public to unscrupulous confidence men of one sort or another.

IMMEDIATELY a complaint is received a Government inspector is sent to investigate the concern in question. His evidence is immediately placed before the solicitor, and should the business prove fraudulent an order is at once issued that no more mail is to be delivered to the concern involved.

All letters are thereupon marked "Fraudulent" and returned to their senders, and an immediate and effectual stop is put to any scheme that is not entirely above board.

It is a little difficult to understand why the British Post Office does not employ such a very simple method of protecting its mails from misuse by the type of person who, week by week, finds a place in our pillory.

It is a far more effective method in the long run than waiting until sufficient evidence is accumulated to enable a prosecution of the trickster to take place; since the official stamp of "Fraudulent" conveys the information to the person most directly concerned, namely, the gullible public. And if anyone in the face of that still continues to deal with a concern so blacklisted, he must indeed be the most gullible person on earth.

Because His Majesty's mails undertake to carry a letter from Land's End to John o' Groats at 1½d., it is no reason why every cheap-jack rogue should be enabled to enlist the aid of His Majesty's Government for the better carrying out of his swindling schemes.

WE should have thought it was, to say the least of it, beneath the dignity of the Post Office to be exploited in this way by every type of crook who cares to expend 1½d. on a stamp.

We have far more sympathy for the ordinary man or woman who is tempted to invest a hard-earned five shillings in some attractive though fraudulent scheme than we have with the people who are ready to risk losing thousands of pounds in a company which on the face of it invites suspicion. These latter people have enough money to ensure their buying a little sense even if they do not themselves possess any.

But the others could be protected against their own gullibility in such a simple way, as America has proved, that we trust the British Post Office will lose no time in following the example of its sister institution across the Atlantic.

For its efficiency the British Post Office compels the admiration of the world. It delivers communications with equal promptitude to saints and sinners. Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, M.P., the Postmaster-General, can retain his efficiency with the former by exercising still greater efficiency with regard to the latter!

Isles of Illusion

BRITISH emigrants pour into New Zealand at, approximately, 1,000 a month, all of them nursing the happy belief that unemployment is a bogey of the past.

According to the emigration literature, well-paid employment is awaiting all-round farm workers, and "good hard-working men and boys can find work as agricultural labourers throughout the year."

Fully qualified mechanics are said to be required; whilst there are also openings for general labourers.

A recent advertisement, however, in the Auckland *Star* for "a handy man for a sheep and cattle run" brought eighty personal applications from young, middle-aged and elderly men.

This number of applicants for a job on a cattle run, miles from any town, somewhat disproves the popular belief that men prefer to be unemployed in a city rather than go to work up-country.

The housing problem, too, is acute; whole families have to live in one or two rooms, with little or no convenience. When some landlords hear that there are children, considerable addition is made to the rent, and many decline to let houses to the parents.

Many unemployed men with families, unable to pay their rent, have been ejected, and a large number of destitute men are sleeping out, notably under Grafton Bridge. The seriousness of the situation is enhanced by the fact that diphtheria and influenza are prevalent in the district.

Doubtless there is room for more people in the Islands, but it is not unreasonable to ask that provision should first be made for the workless who are already there.

Instead of sending more emigrants out, the Government should take steps to restrict emigration until the present difficulties concerning unemployment and housing are removed.

Sir Austen Must Go!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE British Empire is the richest in the world—but it is not wealthy enough to afford Sir Austen Chamberlain. His incompetence has become a real menace to the peace of Europe

The Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

"THE Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" said Cromwell on a famous occasion. With the substitution of the name of Sir Austen Chamberlain for Sir Harry Vane, the British public might echo that prayer for delivery now. For it grows clearer that if we are not soon delivered from Sir Austen all hope of re-establishing peace in Europe will be gone.

Since his visit to Italy last autumn and his meeting with Signor Mussolini he has fallen under the sway of that brilliant and dangerous adventurer, and this country is fast becoming the cat's-paw of Mussolini's Napoleonic designs.

The first fruits of Mussolini's influence upon British policy was apparent on the humiliating breakdown of the Geneva Assembly of the League of Nations last spring when, owing to the countenance which Sir Austen had given to the methods of the Italian dictator, the Locarno treaty was practically smashed, Germany was kept out of the League, and the existence of the League itself was left hanging by a thread.

An amazing agreement

With that catastrophe Sir Austen's reign at the Foreign Office should have ended. It did not end. He was elaborately whitewashed, and left to go on blundering with the fate of this country and with the fate of Europe.

We have not had to wait long for the consequences. No more sinister thing has happened since the war than the Abyssinian agreement between Great Britain and Italy which has created suspicion in France and disquiet in Europe.

That agreement—which, whatever gloss is put upon it, aims at making Italy master of Abyssinia in return for giving the Soudan water from the Abyssinian Lake Tsana—was arrived at secretly, without reference to any other interested Power, and without the sanction of Abyssinia herself.

Abyssinia is in panic and has appealed for protection to the League of Nations. She knows that if this precious scheme goes through her independence is gone.

Mussolini, the militant

Forty years ago Italy sought to destroy that independence and suffered a crushing defeat at the battle of Adowa. What Italy could not achieve by arms alone, she is now to achieve by the peaceful penetration of railways carried out with Great Britain as a faithful ally.

In order to appreciate the full gravity of this step we must see it in relation to the whole Napoleonic design of its author, Mussolini: we must see it in its bearings on France, on the future of the League of Nations, on the question of secret diplomacy. Signor makes no concealment of the fact that he is out for a great Imperial programme.

Italy, he says, must "expand or suffocate," and his policy is to make the Mediterranean an Italian lake and Italy the Imperial mistress of its African, European and Asiatic shores.

He is moving with enormous rapidity. Hardly is the Anglo-Italian agreement made known when a new bolt at the peace of Europe is hurled in the shape of a treaty between the dictator of Italy and the dictator of Spain.

This, too, was hatched in a secrecy so secret that, though King Alfonso was in this country a few weeks ago, the British Foreign Office heard no whisper of it until its announcement last week.

This is not all. Mussolini has entered into understandings with Greece and Rumania under which he is furnishing war material to both countries, and has secured the dismissal from Greece of the British and French naval mission.

The steel circle

He is negotiating with Russia for an economic and political understanding which would, it is said, cover the supply of military equipment. In the Balkans he is engaged in building up an Italo-Russo-Serbian system against the Balkan pact engineered by France.

Now he has roped Spain into his web of policy and made Great Britain a sort of sleeping partner in his plans. Naturally France is alarmed. Just as Germany before the war used to complain that she was being "encircled" so now France finds a web of potential enemies being woven around her by the insatiable Italians.

She sees Mussolini everywhere, intriguing, arming, penetrating, setting up claims in Tangier, in Tunis, in Asia Minor, in the Balkans, making deals now with Spain, now with Britain.

He has taken the place of Kaiser William as the great disturber of Europe, and he seeks out of the general disintegration and unrest to snatch advantages here, there and everywhere, and to build up around him a system of alliances which will make Italy master of Europe.

He is, almost ostentatiously, the enemy of the League of Nations, and inevitably so, for if the League succeeds he fails. The purpose of the League is to consolidate Europe to a pacific Whole, working through a representative Council and Assembly for the preservation of international law and order.

His purpose is to keep the nations fluid, seething with mutual suspicion, jealousies and fears, out of the manipulation of which he hopes to play the part of Napoleon.

This policy unless it is checked must eventuate in war. Where it will break out and how the nations will line up in the struggle cannot be foreseen, but it is clear that whenever and however it comes France will be on one side and Italy on the other; for through the welter of cross-currents it is these two whose interests are most obviously in opposition.

There is only one means of checking this drift to disaster. It is by making the League of Nations so powerful a breakwater that the new Napoleon will smash himself to bits against it or bow to its will and authority.

In these circumstances it is lamentable to find this country, owing to the incompetence of its Foreign Minister, endangering the League and playing into the hands of its most reckless foe.

Tactless tiger-hunting

The humiliating lesson of Geneva, which destroyed the much-belauded Locarno spirit that won Sir Austen the freedom of the City, might have been expected to teach the dullest pupil wisdom, but this Abyssinian folly, with its affront to the League, its return to the evil tradition of pre-war diplomacy, its ignoring of France and its light-hearted bargaining away of another nation's right shows that Sir Austen is unteachable.

It is not the interest of this country to go tiger-hunting with Mussolini. It is not our interest to go tiger-hunting with anybody. Our one interest is to restore a peaceful and stable Europe by standing loyally by the great organisation to whose covenant we have set our seal.

It is time that this country was represented at the Foreign Office by a statesman who understands our interests and represents our policy. Sir Austen Chamberlain apparently does neither.

The Dummy Director

There is no room anywhere for drones, least of all at the head of affairs. Yet they cluster round the honey-pots of British industry

A "GUINEA-PIG" has been defined as a gentleman of sufficient bait, who allows himself to be put on a directors' list for the sake of the guineas and lunches which the Board provides.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

There is published annually a volume of considerable thickness which is entitled "The Directory of Directors." It gives a list of the names of the nobility and gentry who serve British industry by acting as directors of public companies. Reading through this interesting compilation, one is filled with amazement at the marvellous capacity for work shown by these directors of our great financial, commercial and industrial businesses.

And not only is their capacity for work prodigious, but their versatility is equally astounding. We find the same gentleman a director of a score or more of different companies, carrying on businesses of the most diverse character.

A good many of these guinea-pigs are, at the same time, directors of insurance companies, banks, shipping companies, canals, railways, tramways, electricity companies, and other industrial combines.

To be responsible for the efficient management of these concerns, in which tens of millions of shareholders' capital is invested, and in which millions of men have to be provided with employment, apparently takes very little of the time and energies of these gentlemen, for a good many of them are also Members of Parliament.

TO discharge the duties of a Member of Parliament efficiently absorbs fourteen hours a day of a man's time for four or five days a week during three-quarters of the year. But these multi-directors are such supermen that they can manage a dozen great businesses in their off time between divisions in the House of Commons. There is one Member of Parliament who is a director, chairman, vice-chairman or managing director of no fewer than twenty-two electricity and transport companies, some of which

Who

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THE other day there neighbourhood of which resulted, s the death of a beautiful

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But why only against results in the death of a is cruelty, and needless c all around us, which is r death of beautiful stags beautiful babies and the r

In the same newspape the Lynton stag-hunt, for of the most heartrending misery that it is possible

Compulsory fasting

"Here are a man, wif receipt of only 5s. relief "There was not a scrap when we called. 'Searc 'look where you like, to-day. One child is tub suffers with asthma ar had dry bread for breakf for the week-end. Three passed my lips.'"

Or take this case: "H half a small loaf, a little su condensed milk and two another mother confessed Wednesday next, four d and her family of four, t school feeding age."

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Director

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Who Cares a Hang?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WE can wax indignant over the violent death of a stag, but the less spectacular death of human beings by slow starvation and bad housing arouses no demonstration of anger. Let us stop squinting and look truth in the face

THE other day there was a stag hunt in the neighbourhood of Lynton and Lynmouth which resulted, says a daily paper, in the death of a beautiful stag.

Stoned and lashed, it fell from a ledge of rock on which it had taken refuge and was dashed to pieces 200 feet below. "When the carcase of the stag was brought ashore," the newspaper goes on "there was a demonstration of sorrow and of anger by both visitors and residents. It is hoped our pulpits will protest against such needless cruelty."

It is indeed to be hoped that not only our pulpits but our papers and our public will protest against such needless cruelty.

But why only against the needless cruelty that results in the death of a beautiful stag? There is cruelty, and needless cruelty at that, going on all around us, which is resulting daily not in the death of beautiful stags, but in the death of beautiful babies and the murder of human souls.

In the same newspaper that sheds tears over the Lynton stag-hunt, for instance, I find a column of the most heartrending descriptions of human misery that it is possible to imagine.

Compulsory fasting

"Here are a man, wife and two children in receipt of only 5s. relief," says the newspaper. "There was not a scrap of food in the house when we called. 'Search,' sobbed the woman, 'look where you like, We have eaten nothing to-day. One child is tuberculous and the other suffers with asthma and bronchitis. They had dry bread for breakfast. We have nothing for the week-end. Three days last week nothing passed my lips.'"

Or take this case: "Half a pound of butter, half a small loaf, a little sugar, a small quantity of condensed milk and two candles was all that another mother confessed she had to last until Wednesday next, four days ahead, for herself and her family of four, two of whom are under school feeding age."

I could fill pages with cases like these. There is a man who has to try and keep himself, his wife and child for a week on a 3s. 6d. food order, and he has nothing else unless some equally ill-fed neighbours spare him a crust.

Or there is a couple with a grown-up unemployed son existing on 2s. 6d. a week, the husband living on two "meals" of bread and lard a day!

Yet nowhere in the newspapers that quote these dreadful human tragedies is there a word about any demonstration of sorrow and of anger, nor any hope expressed that our pulpits will protest against such inhuman suffering and misery.

An eye-opener report

Take next, if you please, the report of the Medical Research Council with its terrible descriptions of the Scottish slums. In Dundee, it says, there are still entire streets of old houses with dilapidated plaster infested with bugs; where the wooden and twisting stairs are death-traps; with attics 6½ feet in height, with sloping ceilings, with door and window so close that half the room can never get any fresh air.

Overcrowding, of course, is rife. It runs through their report like a tragic refrain. Here is a man, his wife and thirteen children living in two rooms. In another case a man, his wife and five children living in one room below the street level and facing north at that.

Now this is not only cruelty, but needless cruelty. Yet no one sheds tears of sorrow and of anger, no one thinks it worth bothering about, and certainly no denunciations are thundered forth from our pulpits that such iniquities should be.

A "beautiful stag" will fill the columns of our newspapers with indignation and righteous wrath, but a beautiful baby is, apparently, of less account than the beasts of the field.

And there are other things that should arouse the country to both sorrow and anger.

Just before Parliament rose Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P., made a speech in the House of Commons of which not one word was quoted by the newspapers. Yet it contained facts that affect every man, woman and child in the country.

He told how mutton produced in Australia at 2d. a pound is being retailed in London at 1s. 2d.

Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P.

a pound. It arrives here at the price of 4d. and a fraction of a penny.

The rice ramp

He told how the grower in Jamaica gets a penny for every five bananas he has to sell, and has to sell them to an American Shipping and Banana Growing Trust which controls the whole trade. In order to buy a banana in this country it is necessary to pay 2d. for it, despite the fact that the grower only gets a penny for five.

Then there is rice, which arrives from Rangoon at the wholesale price of 13s. a hundredweight. It is suddenly controlled by a trust and is sold at from 23s. 1d. to 56s. a hundredweight.

"How many honourable members know" asked Mr. Johnston, "that we actually had to pay £1,275,000,000 to the American Meat Trust not for meat, but in order to prevent the American Meat Trust from selling meat to Germany in the early stages of the war? We gave them the money for nothing."

He went on to remind the country that during the war there were institutions in London buying meat from the War Office through the agency of the Inter-Empire Meat Purchasing Organizations for 6½d. a pound, while all around them that same meat was being resold at 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., and 2s.

The missing columns

Yet despite this clear proof that prices and values have little in common, and that the profiteer was and is rampant, we scrapped our purchasing organizations immediately the war was over and handed the British people over to the tender mercies of Lord Vestey and the British and Argentine Meat Company.

The Food Council has suddenly faded into complete insignificance. The investigation of the Linlithgow Committee and their startling accusations of gross profiteering have become so much waste paper. Yet whatever food you like to choose, you will find the same immoral price régime in operation. You will find high prices, adulteration and even downright poisoning, but there is no demonstration of sorrow or of anger, no columns of indignation in the daily papers. Nobody bothers. Nothing is done.

The fault is partly our own. Whenever election time comes round we get very excited as to whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in league with Zinovieff, or whether we shall put a tax on ladies' eyes and silk stockings, whereas what we should worry about is: Whether we can get enough food, decent houses to live in and plenty of fresh air to breathe.

If every elector pinned Parliamentary candidates down to questions like these, something might conceivably be done about it.

Director Menace

by The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

companies, some of which are operating in far away parts of the world.

"Guinea-pigging" seems to be the favourite recreation of retired Army and Navy officers, civil servants (particularly Indian and Colonial governors), ex-ministers, and lawyers who have failed to establish a lucrative practice at the bar. A title seems to be regarded as an attractive bait to attract the guileless speculator. Impecunious aristocrats figure largely in the list of company directors.

THESE "dud-head" directors are parasites on industry, and are a menace to the prosperity of the businesses with which they are associated. The affairs of one of the heaviest capitalised British concerns were recently before the public. Millions of its capital had been lost. The list of the directors of this great concern provided interesting reflections. There were men on the board who had never had any experience whatever of business management before their appointment.

The great armament firms have competed with one another for the names of ex-civil servants, and retired Army and Navy officers and officials. One trade journal frankly confessed that these men were useful, because they had "friends at court."

In a great many cases men are given directorships by their friends, not because they have any knowledge at all of the business, but just to give them big fees for their nominal services. A glance, for instance, at the list of directors of the Suez Canal (who are nominated by the Government) will show how political services have been rewarded by a snug income for life from an office which is virtually a sinecure.

The board of directors is legally and morally responsible for the efficient management of a business. To attain efficiency, the directors should be men who have been trained in the business and know it through and through. A "guinea-pig" board, which does nothing but draw fees, is entirely in the hands of the manager and the staff. If the directors interfere at all it is likely that they will do more harm than good.

WE hear a good deal nowadays about American business methods. In America, the guinea-pig director would never be tolerated. British industry cannot afford this ornamental luxury.

If British industry is to revive, directorships must be reserved for the competent, and not given away to friends as fat sinecures.

Prevent this!

Bad teeth take the joy out of life

Only recently have scientists found out what an appalling amount of sickness is caused by bad teeth.

Health, happiness and good looks are lost when teeth begin to decay. Poisons from them are carried through the body, sapping its vigour, causing a whole train of distressing maladies and perhaps even endangering life itself.

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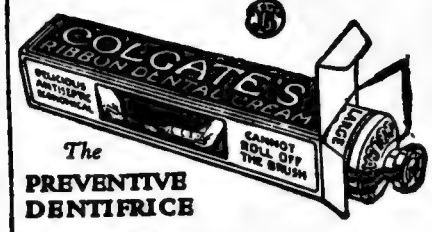

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WICKED ARMY SCANDAL

OFFICERS ON THE SCRAP-HEAP

Gentlemen Prefer Jobs

NAPOLEON used to say that every French soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The men who rose from the ranks in the British Army during the Great War may have been fired by similar hopes and ambitions.

Some of them, drawing the "dole" to-day, must be sadly disillusioned and disheartened.

It is a distressing fact that many of the men who were serving in the ranks when war broke out and were given commissions, mostly in the field, are to-day starving. Although they are all on the Reserve of Officers and liable at any moment to be called up, some of them are standing side by side in the sad queues of the "dole"-drawers with men they may be called on again to command if King and country need them.

They find themselves in this position, for the most part, because they have no pensions. And they find themselves without pensions, because some astute official at the War Office, no doubt unassailable in his own pension, drafted an Army pay rule that had the extreme merit of drastically excluding from a pension the professional serving soldiers who took permanent commissions in the war.

No time for routine

Take a case by way of illustration—a captain in the Royal Fusiliers, who has placed his case before the Retired Regular Army Rankers Permanent Commission Association. This officer was senior lance-sergeant in India when the war broke out.

He was exchanged to his home battalion, on the understanding that he was willing to re-engage for twenty-one years. War came, and by September he was in it.

By October he was a sergeant, thus qualified automatically to re-engage. He did not do it. That was a regimental fault, not his. The explanation was that with the enemy a few hundred yards away routine business had to be suspended.

Two years later he was given a commission. He then had eleven years and three months service in the ranks. Twelve years would have qualified him for a modified pension.

Thank you, Tommy—good day!

After the war, in 1919, he was retired by a medical board, with a gratuity but no pension. He was penalised for taking up a commission, instead of re-engaging as a sergeant, with a prospect of employment for another ten years and a good pension at the end.

Red-tape and brass-hat officialdom attach a pathetic importance to re-engaging, though German bullets were quite impartial as between the man who re-engaged for a pension and the man who took a commission, without a pension.

Take another instance: A company sergeant-major, with eight years' service when war broke out, extended for twelve years, took a commission in 1916. Had he remained in the ranks he would have gone on serving till he carried a pension.

As he had taken a commission he could be "axed." He was, in 1921, at the age of thirty-five with fourteen years and eleven months' service.

He got no pension, being one month short when they "axed" him, but they gave him a gratuity of £450.

The open sesame

An acting bombardier, in 1914, had also eight years' service. He also extended for twelve years. But he re-engaged. He perhaps knew the magic of that blessed word "re-engaged."

He got a commission in 1918, was "axed" in 1921, also at the age of thirty-five, and also with fourteen years eleven months' service. He was

Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P.

"axed" out of his permanent pension by the mean margin of one month—but he got a gratuity of £1,050.

Barred by a pip!

See the real magic of the word re-engagement!

Rules that produce such scandalous inequality of treatment are obviously self-condemned.

Another point: Had these men remained in the ranks they would have been eligible for subordinate posts, on retirement, in Government offices. As commissioned officers, they are barred.

An ex-officer must not be a hall-porter in Whitehall! That is a position unbecoming an ex-officer and a gentleman.

But he may draw the "dole"! He may go cap-in-hand to the Board of Guardians, and crave bread for his children. That is a privilege that anybody may claim in a land fit for heroes.

The War Office, in a cold communique it sent to Sir Hamar Greenwood, who interested himself in the plight of some ranker permanent commission ex-officers, makes a very neat point.

The ranker officer, it holds, is just like the ordinary regular, that is, the gentleman who came in through Sandhurst or Woolwich. And "the ordinary officer who resigns before he has completed sufficient service to qualify him for retired pay or gratuity gets nothing at all."

What has that got to do with the complaint of a ranker, jockeyed out of a job he might have kept for life, on pay or pension, and then "axed out," without a by-your-leave?

Lord Broadacres, son and heir of the Earl of Loamshire, succeeds to the title and fifty-thousand a year. He retires from the Guards and does not get retired pay.

"Cook's son—duke's son"

What a comfort to the compulsorily retired ranker, with no retired pay, to think that the War Office is treating him, after having robbed him of his career, exactly the same as they treat my Lord Broadacres. And, after all, my Lord Broadacres will not feel it very much if he is refused, with equal impartiality, a job as a hall-porter in Whitehall.

But let us be quite fair about the gratuity, due to the men who were not allowed to stay on and get a pension. A few hundred pounds seems a lot of money. It doesn't go far, furnishing a home and keeping a wife and family.

Here is a case of an ex-officer, who put his gratuity into buying a home. He got a job in a Cardiff shipping company, which failed in the post-war slump.

"I have lost my home and everything. I am out of employment, and the only source of income I have is thirty-one shillings unemployment benefit, six shillings food ticket, and six shillings in money from the guardians. I have a partially invalid wife and four small children under eight."

Some of these men began their Army service as boys. It made soldiers of them, but it did not teach them a peace-time trade. They were taken out of a career, made officers and gentlemen, and are now on the scrap-heap.

Restore the remnant

There are only a few thousand of them—seven thousand permanent commissions were given to rankers in the war, and death or service and hardship at home have thinned the ranks.

Cannot the War Office restore them to their old positions, for the purpose of giving them even a private soldier's pension? Can it not at least withdraw the bar that keeps them out of subordinate government positions in which they now envy those they formerly led?

Is the War Office, representing the country, powerful only to hinder and powerless to help?

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

CRIMINALS are made, not born. So are honest men. From potential jail-birds, good citizens are being turned out in the old prison of Portland, which now has "Sunshine Cells"

A HOLIDAY IN JAIL

Philip Inman

I HAVE set out on an expedition. My hospital has been left behind me, and for a month I am to encounter new scenes and sojourn amongst new people.

This year I have planned my holiday upon a novel programme. It is to be informative as well as interesting, edifying as well as enjoyable.

I am to visit some of the drab and dreary places of life, I am to mix with people who are struggling against almost overwhelming odds, and I know before I commence that although I shall find sorrow and sadness I shall also be able to trace the sunshine that pierces through even the darkest cloud. Some of my experiences I propose to recount.

Broken minds

Perched on the Island of Portland is a gaunt building surrounded by massive, towering walls. Up to five years ago it was a convict prison—to-day it is a Borstal Institution.

In it are 360 youths from sixteen to twenty-one years of age, and they are there because they were all "criminals in the making." In my hospital our job is to mend broken bodies—at Portland they are out to repair diseased minds. And how well they are doing it!

The other day I spent some time in this moral hospital. It was a thrilling and fascinating experience. I expected to find red-tapeism supported by a cast-iron discipline. Instead I found a spirit of comradeship which would not shame any one of our great public schools.

I was privileged to speak freely with everybody there, from the Governor to the youngest resident, and I took full advantage of my opportunity. I say without hesitation that this method of reform will lead to a revolution in the prison system of the country.

Twin mottoes

The day is not far distant when convict settlements will become obsolete, and when their place will be taken by training and education centres.

One of the truths which deeply impressed me was the inculcation of self-help. No outside labour of any kind is imported. The lads do their own cooking, darning, cleaning. They are taught useful trades, and if they show special inclination in any particular line, they are encouraged in their endeavours.

But it is not all work there, for play is happily intertwined. Games of every kind are indulged in, and I found that the crazes of the moment are wireless and amateur theatricals. Keep the boys interested and make them forget their earlier environment—that is the idea.

The Institution has two mottoes which are displayed everywhere, "Be thorough" and "Play the game," and right well they live up to them. The stories I heard impressed me deeply.

Three years ago a young hooligan was sent to Portland by the Liverpool Stipendiary Magistrate. He had been in the dock seven times in four years. His crimes ranged from petty thieving to a violent assault upon his mother.

"When he came to us," the Governor said to me, "he was immoral and unmoral. The brand of Cain was plainly stamped upon him."

As I read the official record of this boy I was not surprised. His father was a hardened criminal, and his three brothers had been sentenced to terms of penal servitude. In the hovel where he was born lived eighteen people, and sixteen of them were not unfamiliar with the inside of a police court.

The lad was dragged up in an atmosphere of degradation and vice, and citizenship cannot be expected to thrive in the immoral sewers of such a life. "I would like you to see him now," went on the Governor.

Into the room there came a clear-skinned healthy-looking young fellow of nineteen. He was a fine specimen of early manhood, and when I spoke to him I was amazed at the gentlemanly tone of his voice.

When, the Governor having left us alone, he told me his hopes and his plans for the coming years. He went into Portland a budding criminal. In a few months he will go out a new citizen.

I found also the spirit of kindliness permeating this one-time convict prison. Last week one of the lads died. His parents were summoned from London and the boy's own chums were allowed to remain with him to the end.

His mother expressed the wish that his body should be laid to rest in the cemetery near home, but it would cost £20 and she hadn't 20s. A subscription list was opened and every officer in the place contributed, but still there was a deficiency.

The heart's all right!

When the lads heard of it a deputation waited upon the Governor and asked if they could give something out of their scanty pocket money. The result of it all was that the body was brought to London and the Borstal chaplain made a special journey to conduct the funeral service.

Shades of Portland Prison! I would give much to take an ex-convict over his earlier haunts, and listen to his comments as he gazes upon those once familiar scenes. Of one thing I am certain that the introduction of the Borstal Institutions will mark a new epoch in the moral history of this country.

In future criminals will be treated not as human refuse, but as moral invalids, and there is every hope that in this way

A loftier race shall rise
With flame of freedom in their soul
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

French gratitude is very crude
Compared with war-time days;
Throw bricks then? Oh, no!
They used to throw "bokays."

"I might, I know, before I go,
Just douse the fuse, no doubt;
But p'raps it's best to take a rest
And let it peter out."

"Now by this Bill you fellows will
Get land to rent from me;
You'll get the toll and I the soil,
That is, the £. s. d."

Two curses we should like to see
A lot of people lose;
To get the Reds out of their heads
And get rid of the Blues.

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27x4.40...	3 15 0	1 9 9	2 5 3
29	4 6 0	1 14 0	2 12 0
28x4.95...	4 12 0	1 15 9	2 16 3
29	5 4 0	2 1 0	3 3 0
30	5 16 0	2 5 3	3 10 9
30x5.25...	6 0 0	2 8 0	3 12 0
31	6 7 0	2 11 0	3 16 0
33x5.77...	8 4 0	3 9 3	4 14 9
33x6.00...	8 4 0	3 12 9	4 11 3
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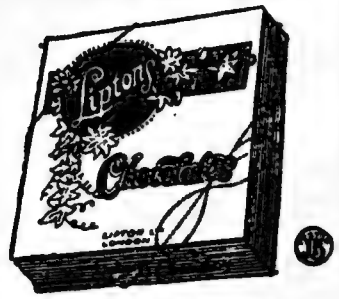

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A GANG OF SHADY LAWYERS

THE AMBULANCE-CHASER SCANDAL

Helping the Poor to be Poorer

LEGAL aid for the poor is a necessity of our complex civilisation. The helplessness of penniless people with legal battles to fight has made a strong appeal to philanthropy, calling into existence many estimable voluntary agencies to take the place of paid solicitors; while it has prompted the State to set up a Poor Persons Department, which is a powerful aid to justice.

It has also opened the door to most undesirable abuses. The legal necessities of poor people are being exploited by various legal organisations which at a casual glance suggest pure benevolence, the friendly offer of a helping hand in life's adversities.

In practice, however, some of these concerns exist to mask the operations of shady solicitors, who by assuming a dual personality, are able to defy the Law Society, to engage in open touting for professional work, and to collect fees out of all proportion to services rendered.

The total number of these concerns in Great Britain must be considerable, but a comparative few of them monopolise the most lucrative of the business that is to be got by the pose of philanthropy assisted by barefaced touting for legal business.

In the eyes of the law

We have in our possession a list of the most notorious of these concerns which, it may or may not surprise them to know, are being watched by the Law Society with a vigilant eye.

It is from street accidents, and workmen's compensation claims that these professional blacklegs reap the bulk of their ill-gotten harvest, their method being to employ a retinue of shabby touts and "ambulance-chasers," who get on the track of an accident as soon as it happens, pushing through street crowds and loafing round hospital doors, persuading the relatives of the person injured to entrust any resulting legal claim to their fostering care.

Whether by accident or arrangement the terms proposed are always the same, the legal aid society demanding a signed undertaking in advance that they shall receive two shillings in the pound out of any damages recovered.

Ostensibly these concerns are the "clients" of certain solicitors who specialise in accident claims. Actually, the boot is on the other foot, the societies being run and maintained by lawyers, with reputations which it would be flattery to call "doubtful," who are enabled to treble their work and double their charges through the activities of a company of touts.

Once they have got their signed authorisation to help themselves to 10 per cent. of any damages recovered, the society's first step is to refer their victim to a solicitor who has "consented" to undertake the case.

If it is an accident claim, the other side is generally represented by an insurance company, which knows the organisation and its methods inside out, and does not scruple to take advantage of its knowledge.

Costly compromises

The insurance company knows that the solicitor it is dealing with is after costs rather than damages, and that the bigger the ratio of costs to damages the easier it will be to effect a settlement.

Consequently, such claims are compromised every day on terms which are monstrously unfair. The victim of an accident, or the relatives of a person killed, are graciously informed that the clever lawyer employed by the beneficent concern has managed to extract a nice little sum out of the insurance company, from which of course the "philanthropists" will be reluctantly compelled to deduct their two shillings in the pound.

The additional sum received as "costs" is **never** mentioned. Frequently it exceeds the whole amount of the damages.

Only in a small minority of cases do these claims reach the stage of open action in the law courts. When they do, they are entrusted to one of a small group of counsel, who are willing to work on the principle of no cure no pay.

If the injured party gets a verdict and damages, he is worse off to the extent of two shillings in the pound of the amount recovered, than he would have been if he had gone to a private solicitor who would have looked to the other party for his costs.

However, it is seldom, as we have said, that matters reach the stage of actual litigation. It is notorious that these questionable solicitors can be bought off at any stage of the proceedings by throwing a few extra pounds into the wrong scale of the balance between damages and costs.

There are plenty of decent solicitors, in a small way of business, who will handle honest accident claims on terms to meet the convenience of their poorer clients; while, of course, the Poor Persons Department, now administered by the Law Society, exists for the express purpose of enabling people without means, at no cost beyond bare out-of-pocket expenses, to establish their legal rights.

Such reputable legal agencies, however, can hardly compete against the unblushing advertisement of out-and-out legal touts.

For example, they with the calmest effrontery, on circulars distributed, broadcast that they are willing to furnish "free legal advice and assistance" in matters relating to the Workmen's Compensation Act, and a score of other matters.

The only "protection" with which these touting fee-snatchers have any honest concern is the protection which their name affords to a firm of solicitors who, by the artful pretence of a separate existence, are enabled to defy the Law Society, thus obtaining an unfair advantage over professional rivals who respect their clients' interests.

Professional scally-wags

Still lower down the professional scale are the scally-wag lawyers who use fictitious names or accommodation addresses for the purpose of advertising in the newspapers their willingness to champion the defenceless poor.

This sort of thing is, of course, a far cheaper ruse for the pseudo-philanthropic lawyer than the elaborate paraphernalia of an organisation equipped with an office and a secretary, whose duty at times may include the answering of inconvenient enquiries by persons who object to the fleecing of the poor.

It would be a good thing if the Poor Persons Department of the Law Society, which is fully aware of the extent and gravity of the evil, would frame recommendations upon which Parliament might be invited to take decisive action in the public interest.

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The Sentence of the Court

TONS OF MONEY!

A Summer "Hoare" Frost

TO a charge of converting public money to improper uses, Sir Samuel Hoare pleaded "Not guilty" in the glib manner of an office-boy killing his favourite grandmother on the eve of a Test Match.

"For the small sum of 3d.," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the latest instalment of a monotonous serial entitled 'Tons of Money' can be purchased, in the form of the second report of the Select Committee on Estimates.

This deals with the life story of an instalment of income-tax, tracing its career from log-cabin (or suburban villa) to Whitehall. A study of this engrossing literary work shows why the fighting Services are costing £27,000,000 more than in pre-war days and the Air Ministry alone £486,000 more than in pre-Hoare days.

"That hospital accommodation in the Air Ministry costs twice as much as in the other fighting Services is not surprising when we read of a dental hut, costing £3,700, being erected in an air camp, although accommodation was available in a hospital being erected in the same camp, in which, notwithstanding that it has 100 fewer beds, provision is being made for the same staff as in the existing hospital!

"The Air Ministry does everything on the grand scale—the word 'scale' being one which taxpayers will find particularly appropriate. Not only does it use more stationery (including red-tape) and spend more on secretarial services (including, presumably, the brewing of afternoon tea) than other departments, but it employs a stores staff the same size as that of the War Office, although the tonnage handled by the latter is three times as great.

"These are but a few instances of how, under the rule of the accused, the taxpayers' money vanishes into thin air, while the force it is intended to maintain mostly remains on earth."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that some people imagined that an efficient flying force could be bought for the price of a pound of tea. Any newly established service was bound to prove expensive in its earlier years, but if taxpayers would have patience they would one day have the finest Air Force in the world. "The specific charges brought by the prosecution cannot be dismissed in the light and airy force manner adopted by the defence," said Mr. Justice Bull. "It is equally vain to plead the youth of the Air Ministry. Our Air Force has been established as long as those of other Powers, yet France maintains a much more powerful force for a fraction of the cost of ours.

* * *

"It is remarkable that whenever a Select Committee investigates the Estimates with a view to ascertaining 'Where is our squandering boy to-night?' it almost invariably indicates the prisoner as spendthrift-in-chief. In fact, the demands of Sir Sam threaten to become only slightly less oppressive than those of Uncle Sam.

"With a view to stopping these frequent nose-dives into the public's pockets, I direct that the prisoner be given an extended holiday abroad without pay. If his 'system' does not benefit from this change of air, we shall have to see about a change of Air Minister."

"WHILE the Houses of Parliament stand shuttered, bolted and barred until November, the exploitation of the poor and ignorant goes on with impunity and not a hand save ours is raised in protest. We shall not rest until justice is done

BIGGEST SWINDLE ON EARTH

by W. E. MASHFORD (*"John Bull's" Industrial Assurance Bureau*)

ON Monday, July 5, Michael Williams, aged twenty, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Worcester Quarter Sessions for stealing a twopenny pencil.

It is the proud boast of the British people that the laws of this land are administered impartially and without prejudice. British justice rests on the theory that the poor are dealt with in the same way as the rich and powerful. If any suggestion is made that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor hands are held up in pious horror, and those in authority suggest that only socialists and madmen could make such an improper allegation.

But only a few moments' analysis of the position with regard to the way the rich and powerful industrial assurance companies are permitted to exploit the poor, a few minutes' delving into the way they are allowed to evade the provisions of their own act makes one wonder whether the theory of impartial justice is not simply a theory.

Law's silent consent

To compare the stern justice meted out to Michael Williams with the laxity of the authorities in regard to the suffering of the poor under the injustices occasioned by the working of industrial assurance, is to leave one aghast at the abyss between the theory of the law and its practice. To the full knowledge of the administrators of the law injustice and worse is rampant in every street throughout the land, and yet the law refuses to move.

How, then, can we truly say that equal justice is meted out to all the citizens of this proud country?

For the past thirty years to my personal knowledge at least 600 bogus inspectors have scoured every hole and corner of the country, pretending to be policy inspectors from the chief offices of the industrial assurance companies.

In a manner which is unbelievable without a full knowledge of their methods, they exploit and rob the thriftiest section of our people. At the present moment there are in force hundreds of thousands of policies which have been obtained by these men by fraud and false pretences. Posing as chief inspectors, they have induced countless people to take out policies which are not in the least what they have represented them to be.

Callous calvassers

And the serious side of the question is that these men are not representatives of the companies at all. The companies do not in any way recognise them, but they do not scruple to accept the premiums obtained through their trickery.

Yet these men are engaged by district superintendents and others to go round to the humble cottage homes of the people and to induce them, by lies and specious promises which have no foundation in fact, to take out additional policies, or increase the premiums on those already in force.

Because of these men who exploit the fear of death, the fear of poverty and the love of a mother for her children, industrial assurance companies are pocketing yearly millions of pounds to which they have not the smallest legal or moral right.

It is a damning indictment of these companies that the men who have the greatest hope of achieving success in this business are those who stoop to the employment of these unscrupulous canvassers, and that some of the highest positions in the world of industrial assurance are to-day held by men who have climbed there by refusing to stop at nothing so long as business, more business and ever more business resulted.

It is perfectly true that the Industrial Assurance Act of 1923 professes to abolish this totally undesirable class of canvasser, but so thin is the line that has been drawn in this respect, as in many others, that the Act is a hollow mockery and a useless sham.

Why does the church shirk?

All these facts are perfectly well known to the authorities; on thousands of occasions the transactions of these men have been reported. Nothing is done

Mr. W. E. Mashford

about it, and the helpless, the poor and the ignorant continue to be misled and tricked and denied the very elements of justice.

Industrial assurance is a financial octopus whose tentacles stretch into every corner of the land, sucking the very life-blood of the poor—merciless, implacable and well-nigh impregnable.

Why is the Church silent about such a colossal scandal as this? Why do not the clergy thunder their denunciations of this iniquity from their pulpits? Do they not know? If they do not know they are condemned out of their own ignorance, since it can only be that they do not know how the poor live and move and have their being.

Politicians pass it by

Why is Parliament silent in the face of such a crying scandal? Why is there not a single Member of Parliament who dares to tackle this question wholeheartedly in the House of Commons and prove, as he could prove, that the administration of justice in this land is being made a mockery, and that in this case, above all others, the law does not protect the fool from the knave, nor bestir itself to prosecute the knave for his evil deeds?

In this case there is not a Member of the House of Commons who can claim that he does not know. Again and again facts beyond dispute have been brought to the notice of every Member. Yet nothing is done.

In the hour of national danger, when the very existence of the nation was at stake, certain companies commenced to issue what they falsely described as War Bonds, and by appealing to wives whose husbands were in the trenches, and to mothers who had sent their sons to the uttermost ends of the earth to defend their country, they persuaded these people to purchase what they termed "War Stock" on the plea that it would assist their loved ones and prevent the foe from invading our native land.

In point of fact, the documents issued to these people were not war bonds at all but simply policies, despite the fact that the words "War Bonds" were printed on all the documents referring to the transactions.

It is a well-known fact that out of this deliberate exploitation of the patriotism of the people profits of nearly twenty million pounds were made. Yet from that day to this nothing has been done except in one or two isolated instances when the exploited themselves were enabled to take action and recover with interest the money that had been falsely wrung from their pockets.

The twisted 20 per cent.

I make a challenge, here and now, to every Member of the House of Commons that, if he will take the trouble to investigate, he will find that in his own division, which he is supposed to represent in Parliament, at least one family in every five is at this moment being exploited and misled.

Furthermore, I maintain that at this moment there is a sum of at least ten million pounds due to poor people who have no knowledge of the fact, and who even if they had the knowledge, have not the power or the means to enforce their claims against these colossal corporations.

It is an amazing fact that there are many people in high places who are shareholders in these companies, and who are accepting yearly dividends of enormous proportions out of what is literally blood money, obtained by exploiting the dead, misleading the widow and the fatherless, and not scrupling to take the very last penny from the aged and the helpless.

Perhaps they do not know from whence these dividends come. If they do not they should take speedy steps to find out, for no man with a sense of justice and fair play could rest silent once he was in full possession of the facts.

Justice with the lid on

History contains no parallel to this gigantic scandal, and in the name of justice I ask how long this incalculable mass of hopeless misery shall be allowed to remain in our midst? How much longer shall the sacred name of justice be flouted and dragged in the mire? Has our conception of justice so dwindled that there is no hope for those who are being denied the recovery of their just rights?

Has Parliamentary representation become such a farce that the cry of the widow and the fatherless shall be entirely ignored? Is it nothing to Members of Parliament that by exploiting the thrift of the poor, the helplessness of the aged, the bereaved and the unemployed, the shareholders and directors of industrial assurance companies are amassing huge fortunes and waxing fat beyond the wildest dreams of avarice?

Has the balance of justice become so heavily weighted on the side of the wealthy that no reformer and no lover of truth dare attempt to adjust the scales?

STRAIGHT HAIR BEATEN

Waves That Stand Months of Sea Air, Rain, and Fog.

LADY who permanently waved her own hair at home without hot irons, messy liquids or electricity, tells how others may easily do the same at next to no cost. Full particulars and photographs sent to every reader of "John Bull."

FREE

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28th June, 1926.

Dear Sir,—My hair is now a lovely mass of waves and curls instead of being straight and straggly. We have just been away for two weeks at Scarborough, and I went on the sea for a long trip without a hat; also motoring, in fact I was without a hat most of the time, and my hair is still as wavy as ever. I am constantly asked by friends, "Have you been waving your hair, it is so nice?" and I tell them all about your system. I would not part with mine for any money—I like it so much.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) J. McGoldrick.

The above is typical of hundreds of letters received by Mons. Fabre, the inventor of this wonderful system. He is now offering to send to every lady—whether her hair be bobbed, shingled, or full length—full information regarding his inimitable permanent hair-waving methods, *entirely Free of Charge.*

A recent photograph of Mrs. McGoldrick.

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Write now for Mons. Antoine Fabre's own Free Personal Advice. Please write clearly and say whether Mrs., Miss or title.

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"I was treated but instead of getting better the trouble kept getting worse. A friend advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some and after the first application I got relief. I continued the treatment and in a short time I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. M. James, 4, Park Terrace, Penrhiewtyn, Neath, S. Wales, Feb. 3, 1925.

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Words Winged to Women

"THE rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty." These words, written many ages ago, still fit the facts. And nowhere are they more bitingly true than when the circumstances of the nation's child life is questioned

LITTLE WHITE FACE

by MABEL HORNER

FROM His Majesty's Stationery Office there has just issued a terrible document. It is written by the Medical Research Council of the Privy Council, and is full of learned charts and tables described in technical and medical terms. Nevertheless, it is a very human report; and one that no one interested in little children can afford to miss.

So long ago as 1919 investigations were begun into the conditions of child life in the slums of the great cities of Scotland, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee, as well as in agricultural areas, and among the children of coal miners.

The investigations have been prolonged over a term of years and the resulting conclusions are in consequence more valuable. A number of women were in co-operation with the investigators and this has ensured the striking of a very humane and sympathetic note.

Already there has appeared criticism that the children of the workers should be the only ones subjected to these scientific investigations. The very fact marks the dreadful significance. There is no need to enquire of the children of the rich. Their parents' wealth protects them. Their little lives are lived as all children's lives should be, largely in the sweet sunshine of the big outdoors.

In their homes are special nurseries, roomy and airy. Their requirements are dictated by doctors and nurses and there is always money to procure exactly what is needed. Whatever they may later become, they are given their early chance. Their physical life starts right.

A horrible handicap

Not so the children of the poor. From the moment of birth, nay, for months before, they are handicapped. And the more overcrowded the quarters, the worse the lack of sunlight, air and sanitation, the more cruelly does their handicap tell. They are actually held back in the race of life as by the stifling breath of a foul demon.

There should arise from every mother with a child to save, and every citizen concerned about child welfare, such a demand for abolition of the slums as no Government dare ignore. For the slums are the children's enemy.

The slums are a devil of destruction to the young of this country. They are a well-entrenched and a far-reaching evil the fell consequences of which are past man's computation. The slums are more wicked because, as devils always do, they devour where otherwise all might be very good and fair.

Bonnie Dundee!

Take, for instance, the city of Dundee. Nature has been kind to it. It is ideally situated. It stands on the north side of the Firth of Tay—nearly two miles broad—and rises to rare heights on the slopes of its hills. Sun and air flow down into it unchecked—until they are blocked by horrible artificial barriers.

For the lanes of Dundee are narrow and bordered by grim factories which all day long grind out noise and dust into the tall and dirty tenements opposite. Sunlight cannot penetrate these foul dens. Sanitation is unspeakable.

One water-closet may serve as many as sixteen families so that the yards are fetid with open ashpits that are filled not only with ashes. Overcrowding is rife. A man, wife and thirteen children occupy two rooms. Mothers may try hard, but trying is not much use where as many as nine persons must wash, dress, eat and sleep all in one room. So some give up the attempt.

Their children are encrusted with the dirt of days. Their clothes are filthy and smelly. Others wage a constant warfare against even these overwhelming odds. Their children are tidy and clean, *but their faces are pitifully white.* Rickets, in all the foul slums of all our great cities, are a commonplace. So are other preventable and stunting diseases.

Every investigation proves beyond possibility of doubt that the direst poverty is not nearly so dangerous to child life as the filthy, horrible breath of the slums. Nothing can be found among

The Earl of Balfour, K.G., O.M., President of the Medical Research Council

the families of agricultural labourers, however poor, remotely approaching the penury and squalor and misery of the slums.

Even the children of the rural coal miners are better off. Age for age every country child is taller and heavier than the slum child. The little children of our cities are being ground down to disease and death by the slums.

Doom for the dragon

Where is Christianity that she does not cry aloud against this devil? Where is common humanity and citizenship? Where is the new St. George of Merrie England who will lead a new crusade to slay the dragon?

We have the land. We have the building materials for a sufficiency of decent housing. Aye! And we have the labour, ready and waiting also. What is wanted is the united will of the country that a better state of things shall be, and then the devil will be laid. It is through the will of the people themselves that slums will cease to exist.

The Clutching Hand

by JOHN BECKETT, M.P.

LIKE many others, I went to the war to fight for what I was led to believe was my country. During the war itself disillusionment began to commence.

The masses of the people were anxious and willing to make sacrifices in the common cause, but, owing to the ineptitude and folly of our leaders, those sacrifices were largely diverted into the hungry maw of the few who were only prepared to batten upon the suffering of others.

The cause of most of our post-war troubles is debt. We were told we were dying to save the Empire. That Empire to-day is in the hands of the international financiers, who run the world's pawnshop.

THE internal war loan debt is nearly £8,000,000,000, bearing a yearly charge for interest alone of £1,000,000 a day. The huge sums owed by the local authorities have not been reliably computed, but they must amount to a daily charge of something like half that amount.

This means that in rates and taxes alone we pay for interest on money we have borrowed about £1,500,000 a day.

On a borough council of which I was for some time a member, we were continually faced with the necessity for some kind of capital outlay for improvements and work in our district.

We had one resource only. Representing our ratepayers, we would, in their name, borrow large sums of money, for which they would have to pay heavy interest for the rest of their lives.

EVERY house that is built is shillings a week dearer than it need be, because of the exorbitant price the pawnbrokers charge for their advances. Every industry, every State or municipal undertaking is crippled before it commences.

Take the case of a local authority needing money for necessary local work. If Gateshead needs money for slum clearance or some such essential task, it now goes to the private banking trust and borrows the money at a rate of interest that will mean the poor people of Gateshead paying thousands a year out of the slums into Throgmorton Street.

If a community decided to capitalise itself it could easily be done. Out of the 150,000 people, roughly, in the borough, 40,000 at least could be persuaded to deposit 5s. in a municipal bank. That would mean £10,000 available for Gateshead work.

A chain of municipal banks of this description federated to, and backed by, a Government bank, would mean an end to the inability to improve the country because of lack of capital and credit.

We want foreign orders, and it is the Government's job to get them. Yet a careful student may see that the British Government is almost a cypher in financial negotiations.

Real power has passed into the hands of the banking kings.

We elect the Government, but our elected representatives are powerless in the hands of the international pawnbrokers.

They decide when we shall trade. They decide whether we shall be rich or poor, busy or unemployed.

DO not believe that our country is played out. Britain has plenty of kick left.

If we used the wealth of the country for the benefit of the people who live in it, the capital produced would provide the essentials for re-establishing our foreign and home markets, and set the wheels of industry in full motion.

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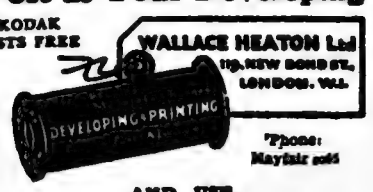

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Do Sailors Care?

Loyalty or Ca'canny—Lacking the Lingo—Price of Secrecy

"THEY say that a sailor has a wife in every port. That is not true so far as the majority of the men of the mercantile marine are concerned. The experience I have had, however, might go a long way towards explaining why some sailors lose faith in womenkind and are disposed to be a little lax in their morals while they are abroad.

"I am a seafaring man myself and like most others while I have been away my thoughts have turned to the home country and the girl I left behind. All the happiness I looked forward to, however, has vanished like a mirage, and I am a lonely embittered man.

"I had been sweethearts almost from childhood with the daughter of a neighbour. When I went away to sea, her kiss was my last farewell and the one I cherished most.

"In order that we might not have to wait too long to marry, instead of banking my money for myself, I arranged to send her as much as I could of my pay so that she could prepare our home. I made arrangements that she should receive five pounds of my pay every month, and I hoped that all arrangements would be made for us to be married when last I came home.

"I wonder whether I shall ever be able to forget my last home-coming. I discovered that the girl whom I had trusted, had become associated with a man old enough to be her father, who had undermined her loyalty to me by pointing out that it might be many years before I could hope to be in the same financial position as he was.

"He had given her trinkets which are practically worthless and promised her a life of ease and comfort, and only a week before I was due back she married him.

"WHAT amazes me is that all this time she was writing affectionate letters to me and was drawing the money which I had allotted to her out of my pay.

"How is it possible for me, 'Humanist,' ever to trust a woman again? Can anyone be surprised or blame me if in future I run wild when I am ashore and provide ground for the saying that sailors don't care?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*You have had a trying experience but fortunately sailors' wives are, generally speaking, more faithful than the girl in whom you put your trust. She can never be happy with her treatment of you on her conscience and you should not allow yourself to run amok just because you happened to pick a "loser."*

* * *

"I AM a gardener, a calling which I find demands perhaps more time and attention than are necessary in other trades. A conscientious interest in his work often causes a successful gardener to ignore the clock when it reminds him that it is time to leave off.

A Man's Work

"Taking pride in my work, I often continued overtime in a previous situation and I found myself in consequence becoming very unpopular among other workers on the estate. This feeling reached such a pitch that my workmates started to carry all sorts of tales to my employer, as a result of which I was dismissed without being given any opportunity of defending myself against the charges which were made against me.

"After a long period of unemployment I succeeded in obtaining a temporary position as a single-handed gardener to a gentleman-farmer. I applied myself assiduously to my work and I was rewarded by being permanently engaged.

"Once more I threw myself wholeheartedly into my job and became oblivious to everything else. I was working long hours contentedly when I gradually became aware that I was again becoming unpopular, and now, because I have refused to leave a job unfinished and often carried on after others have left, I am accused of currying favour.

"I cannot face the prospect of another period of unemployment. So far as I can gather the same sort of influence is at work against me, and although my present employer is just I do not think he is disposed to be generous, and I am afraid that I may once again be ousted.

"Do you think I should go to my employer and tell him what I fear? The men employed on the estate may blacken my character if I refuse to fall in with them."

"HUMANIST" says:—*If your employer is just as you say he is, you should not hesitate to approach him. He may be unaware that you are working such long hours, and you should ask him whether he desires you to work overtime. He may be quite prepared to employ an assistant, and if the work you are doing is really too much for one man, it is only right that he should do so. Probably that is all your fellow workmen desire.*

* * *

"MINE is an unusual problem, but I venture to hope that you may be able to solve it. I am an Englishman married to a Welshwoman and living, on account of my work, in the Welshest part of Wales. Four of my children are attending school, and, though they are taught both English and Welsh in the school, I find that they are scarcely able to express themselves in English and always speak Welsh in the home.

A Language Difficulty

"In this they are encouraged by their mother, who scarcely ever speaks English except to me, with the result that I find my children are growing up almost strangers to me.

"I feel that I am being shut out from my children's confidence by this language difficulty.

"As I do not wish my family to be brought up almost as foreigners, I have to think seriously whether I should not move into a locality where Welsh is not spoken, and I should be grateful for your views on the subject."

"HUMANIST" says:—*While I have a proper admiration for the desire of the Welsh people to preserve their ancient tongue, lack of any other language must seriously handicap your children in the future, and if you can obtain employment where English is more generally spoken, I should certainly advise you do so.*

POCKET PHILOSOPHY

SPURGEON, the great preacher, once said to a man who expressed sympathy in words, "Feel for others—in your pocket!" A great deal of distress which "Humanist" cannot cure may be alleviated by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund (see page 34).

"WHEN I was a girl of sixteen, I fancied myself very much in love with a young fellow who lived in our town. He joined the Army and wrote to me regularly. We were very intimate together while he was on leave, but when I had to write and tell him that I was afraid we had loved not wisely but too well, he broke off all communication. As it happened, my fears were unfounded, but he did not know that, and until just lately I never heard from him again.

Moral Blackmail

"After a while I married and I have a devoted husband who thinks the world of me. I was so happy, until recently my first lover, who is now a married man with three children, has started to worry me. It seems that he does not get on too well with his wife, and has suggested that I should run away with him.

"When I told him that I could not dream of such a thing, he hinted that my husband would not be so fond of me if he knew of my association with him, and every time he passes me in the street he grins at me as much as to tell me that if I do not give in to him he will tell my husband.

"My husband has such faith in me that I cannot imagine what he would feel if he knew of my past mistake, and continually seeing this man with his awful leer is getting so much on my nerves that I scarcely know what to do."

"HUMANIST" says:—*Such conduct on the part of the man with whom you were once associated is the vilest form of moral blackmail. If he should attempt to molest you you should not hesitate to call a policeman, but your surest path to happiness is to confide in your husband who, if he loves you, will protect you.*

* * *

Father and Son

"For two years since leaving school I have helped my father in his business. Candidly, I hate it. All my tastes are in another direction. Must I sacrifice all my future to my father's prejudices?"

"Humanist" says:—*Think kindly of your father. He may have cherished dearly the thought of your taking his place. Yet if you show him that your heart is set on a different career, he will not condemn you to a lifetime of uncongenial servitude.*

Forewarned

"Years ago there was an episode in my life which I thought I had lived down. My only son wishes to marry a girl I consider undesirable, and to my great distress, she has learned of my lapse and tells my boy I have no right to object to her. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*It is rather what should your son do. A girl who will vilify his mother before marriage is likely to display bitter qualities afterwards, and he should take her attitude now as a warning of her narrow-minded uncharitableness.*

Youth and Age

"I am a young man of twenty-four. I have become greatly attached to a woman over forty. My friends tell me I should be a fool to marry her. What do you say?"

"Humanist" says:—*Look twenty years ahead. You will then be in the prime of life, and your wife will be—what? I do not deny that many such happy marriages have occurred, but I do not advise it without the greatest deliberation.*

Faery Tales that Hide the Truth!

"TIRED NERVES"

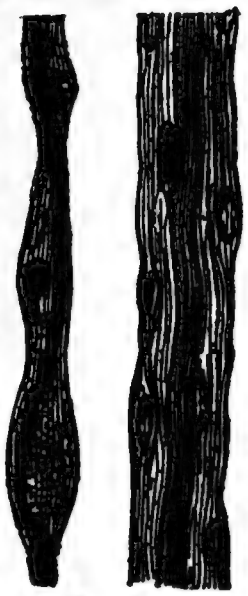
COUNTLESS thousands of people every day tell themselves Faery Tales. Tales they do not pretend to believe, yet which seem to give comfort when the truth they hide is unwelcome.

Most of these stories are about health: here is the shortest and most popular of them all:—

"I'm all right, really; bit run down. All I want is a rest."

You say that, inwardly to yourself, scores of times. After a sleepless night, when you drag yourself down to the breakfast you do not want, when small things annoy you on the way to business, when you take up the bundle of work you wish were at the other end of the world.

Let medical science tell you what is the matter: YOUR NERVES *ARE ASKING FOR FOOD.*



STARVED NERVES. Attenuated Nerve, cause of finally Total Breakdown.

WELL NOURISHED NERVE, full of Vigour.

Irritability, lack of concentration, a feeling of boredom with both work and pleasure, are the first signs that the Nerves have worked too hard, suffered too much wear and tear for the sustenance they derive from the body. More serious signs are:—

Neuralgia.
Forgetfulness.
Uncertain Vision.
Dizziness.
Bodily Pains.
Sleeplessness.
Hysteria.
Anæmia, and ultimately
COMPLETE MENTAL BREAKDOWN.

There is one question you ask as you read this: "Why is it that nerves have to be fed? We never used to bother about them."

No, because Nerves *did not get starved in less strenuous times.* You know well that the pace of life is quicker; in a hundred ways there is greater strain on the nerves every day, every hour, than in the placid years now gone past.

Without question, you respond to the call of the BODY for food, because throughout the ages, Man has been accustomed to feed himself when hungry.

In these modern strenuous days you must answer, with equal readiness, the call for food made by the Nervous System. The signs of distress above mean that your Nerves are saying to you—in the same language the Body talks when hungry—"We are restless, weak, aching for want of Food."

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

To give them drugs, or fly to stimulants, is to *flog* them, as you beat a querulous dog. That makes them more ill-tempered—more *ill.* The Muller Nutrient is the Food they need. It is the one substance which will replenish the exhausted, starved nerve-cells; it is scientific Food of the same nature and concentrated composition as the food which the body is *inadequately* providing for the brain nerve cells.

For the nominal sum of three stamps, you will prove to yourself that the Muller Nutrient, highly recommended by medical authority, has a marvellous restorative effect on ill-nourished nerves, giving you a fund of energy and health which you did not fully realise you lacked.

300,000 Copies of this Remarkable Book have been distributed.

Write to-day, enclosing three stamps, for a Trial Week's complete supply, to 338, The Muller Laboratories, Scientific Food Specialists, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1. With it will be sent a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Illustrated Book, "The Way to Health," which reveals to you the secrets of the wonderful working of the Nervous System. All in plain sealed cover.

THE MULLER NUTRIENT, a True Nerve Restorative. Free from Baneful Drugs. 3s. a box. 3 boxes 6s., of all good chemists.

TESTED JB

BOURNVILLE

'Keep fit on cocoa'

For the sturdy outdoor child, or for the studious one, a cup of "Bournville—the cocoa that tastes like chocolate"—makes breakfast and supper more enjoyable. It is food below pre-war price.

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

TESTED JB

FROM **WEAVER TO WEARER**

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%

BIG OFFERS in Ready-to-wear Garments for Ladies. Have your choice now of the many pretty dresses, costumes, two-piece suits, etc., offered at almost giving-away prices. You can have one on **Free Approval** in your own home, try it on, an feel the quality of our World Famous Yorkshire Cloth. If you like it, you pay by easy instalments. Write now for dainty patterns and **FREE FASHION GUIDE.** Reasonable alterations Free.

FURS Splendid selection of excellent skins from 5/- monthly. Sent on approval

MEN'S SUITS and LADIES COSTUMES MADE TO MEASURE. Yorkshire pure wool cloth is renowned throughout the world. GENT'S SUITS & LADIES' COSTUMES, perfectly tailored by Yewdall's West-End experts, cannot be equalled for distinction and smartness. Only 7/- monthly. Write now for new patterns and easy self-measurement form. Special bargains in Boys' Suits made from cuttings in Men's Department on approval. Very good and cheap. State measurement. **SPORTS SUITS** a speciality

7/- MTHLY

6/- MONTHLY

YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE 187 CROSS FRANCIS ST. **LEEDS**

Skippers suit you to a Tea

"Skippers" are "Brisling with good points"—but with no hard bones. They are more nourishing than an egg to your tea, and a nice change too.

FREE

A New 1/- Recipe Book. Shows how to save coal and cooking.

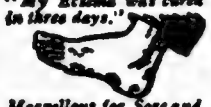
Free on mentioning name and address of grocer.

Angus Watson & Co., Limited.
111 Dene House,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

SKIN DISEASES

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

"My Eczema was cured in three days."



Marvellous for Sore and Tired Feet. Bad Corns disappear in a few days.

Zee-Kol kills the sting of Gnats and Mosquitoes immediately.

Cured in a Night.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin cure of all time. If put on the skin, whether covered with Pimples or ugly Blemishes, they disappear in a night, and the most frightful skin disease that can attack the skin disappears like magic. Never was known any cure like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy in the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New Skin forms in a few days.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

At all chemists, Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or large tin 3/-

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON.

A sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills will be sent free. No postage. If samples of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Kalda Face Cream are also desired, send 3d. for postage and packing. Cut this coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and post to the Zee-Kol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 97), 60, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.

TESTED JB

Marvellous Victory OVER Varicose Veins

Wonderful New "Spirastic Supports."

Old-Fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings, Bandages, etc., Entirely Superseded.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins. It is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort, and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured. As Mr. Cooper says: "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances. Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides and these constantly pressing upon the distended blood vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst. Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support is given to the limbs." The New Mecca "Spirastic Supports," as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "puttees," which any ex-service man will tell you are the only possible leg supports for long marches. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle, or lose their elasticity. They cost, relatively, no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are sent ON APPROVAL. If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, loss of power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing or Ulcerated Limbs, write at once to Mr. Cooper on the Coupon below for free illustrated booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it, you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic Supports" give greater comfort and freedom from pain and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

To Mr. D. M. COOPER,

Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances,

15, 17 and 19, Vine St., Clerkenwell Road (S. 149) London, E.C.1.

Dear Sir,—Please send me full particulars of your new discovery for the complete and permanent cure of Varicose Veins.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....

.....
(Sanatuk, Ltd.)

Our Letter Parliament

Tried and Found Guilty!

Christ or Clan?—Brains Wanted—Degrading Sport

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Something Worth Reading

The Government received the motion to shorten the recess as a huge joke and Sir Austen Chamberlain stated that there was no matter of urgency. If he requires any proof of the urgency that does exist, I would commend your leading article of this week for his perusal.—*R. G. H., Ebbw Vale.*

Straight from the Pit

As a miner's wife suffering with thousands of others in this terrible struggle for a living wage, I greatly appreciate your article "Our Paddling Parliament." It is monstrous that Members should be pleasuring, while we are pining and our kiddies bootless. No wonder my little boys asks me if daddy "isn't going to work no more for pennies."—*Disgusted Miner's Wife.*

Where's their Conscience?

For a Parliament even to think of rising for a vacation during a crisis like the present one, shows a startling lack of conscience, and an unheard-of shirking of its responsibilities. Let the great men settle the strike first, and then let them enjoy a good holiday cheered with the thanks of the whole country and the comfortable feeling of "something attempted—something done."—*T. A. S., Lancs.*

"Dole" Days and the Holidays

To think that Parliament can take its usual long holiday in the time of such terrible distress is scandalous in the extreme. Surely Mr. Baldwin could have insisted that the representatives of the people should first do their duty. Thousands of people are having enforced holidays and women and children, at any rate, need the best and continuous thought of our legislators.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Austen's Vulgarity

Sir Austen Chamberlain, in moving the adjournment of the House, gave no thought to the sufferings of the masses, as a result of the coal question. He went so far as to say that he doubted the sincerity of the proposer and seconder of the amendment for a shorter recess. This was a vulgar expression, for a man of his position. If, as he stated, there is nothing serious in the present situation, why is the state of emergency still in force?—*J. Hurley, Accrington.*

What Thousands Think

The sentiments expressed in your slashing attack upon the Government find an echo in the minds of hundreds of thousands of Britons. How any Government can suspend business for three months under the existing industrial conditions around us passes the understanding. Collieries lying idle, factories closing down, shipping practically at a standstill and the country rushing, not drifting, to disaster. If the present Government will not face the facts and save the country from ruin, then it must be cleared out at the earliest possible moment.—*D. A. T.*

Sack the Neros

In view of the present situation, Parliament's rising for the autumn recess reminds one forcibly of Nero fiddling while Rome burned. It is incredible that our leaders upon whom so much depends should contemplate this act of indifference to public suffering and public opinion. Let us hope that at the next election these muddling amateur Nero's will receive their deserts just as a man who took his holidays in opposition to his employer's wishes would.—*H. S., St. Helens.*

A Real Lead

You justly condemn the present Parliamentary vacation and the apathetic electorate for allowing it; but what of the big employers of labour who are losing millions of pounds each week the coal deadlock continues. Surely they, with so much at stake, can make effective demand for an abolition of Parliamentary holiday-making, the immediate settlement of the coal dispute on the basis of the Bishop's memorandum and a more energetic bid for an unemployment solution. To such a lead the mass of the people would give eager and enthusiastic support.—*J. R., Glasgow.*

The Free Site

Mr. E. Boffe Thompson's plan for ending unemployment won't bear analysing. Are we to understand that, given a number of free or cheap factory sites, with preferential rating, more factories would be built? If so, would their output be in addition to, or taken from the country's usual volume of production? Might not unemployment be relieved in some districts at the expense of others?—*E. Clegg.*

Lease or Loss

E. R. Thompson congratulates the local council which presented a piece of waste land as a factory site. Why hit at vested interests, and then give vested interest 140 acres of land free? If the land had been lent on 99 years' lease instead of given away, it would, to my mind, have been more creditable.—*A Reader.*

These Highland Chiefs

Should Lord Strathspey read the reports on the Highland clearances he will find a remarkable analogy between the method in which the clan chiefs and Highland lairds cast aside their clansmen like old boots, and left them to starve when this procedure suited them financially, and the manner in which some industrial barons effect the same result nowadays for the same reason. Also, if your noble contributor delves into the history of the Great War he will find the cause of that to be the "Clan Spirit" among nations. The Christian spirit is preferable to the clan spirit.—*A Highlandman.*

Uneven Justice

In the courts the other day a girl who had had a meal in a restaurant costing 1s. 5d. and erased the 1s. item from the bill before paying was fined £20. Yet a woman who kept a horse without food for weeks till it was so ravenous it commenced to eat its manger was let off with a paltry and grossly inadequate fine. It is certainly time our legislators learned something about justice.—*Moya-Hauk.*

The Road Casualties

We rarely open our daily paper without finding accounts of motor accidents, where the unfortunate cases are taken to the nearest hospital. This entails a lot of extra work and expense on these institutions, which they can ill afford. Why not relieve them by making each hospital an annual grant from the Road Fund?—"*Stamps.*"

Not Very Likely

The new shipping freight agreement concluded by the New Zealand Meat, Dairy and Produce Boards, which will operate until the end of August, 1930, provides for reductions in freights in respect of meat and dairy produce, of 7½ per cent. in the first three years, and 12½ per cent. in the fourth year. This new agreement is expected to give a considerable impetus to the trade. Will the public get the goods cheaper?—*A., Birmingham.*

The Better Way

After your Insurance disclosures all readers would do well to study the advantages to be obtained by investing the same yearly amounts in Savings Certificates. They will find a better yield per cent., better security, with withdrawal at any time, and more important, no lapse or depreciation of what is already paid. The amount invested yearly can also vary according to one's circumstances, and by investing in Certificates the community benefits and not a few individuals.—*Cert. Investor.*

The Brain Race

Britain's present need, more than ever, is men with keen brains trained commercially. Other countries are challenging our supremacy by doing all in their power to bring technical education within reach of everyone. Recently a youngster won a scholarship, but was refused as too young. Again he won, to be again refused because mother went to work. His father was killed in the war. Comment is unnecessary.—*F. C. B.*

Anonymous Honesty

My fiancée lost a much-valued brooch recently. I enquired at the police station, with very small hope of it being there, but was astounded when told that it was left by the finder who preferred to remain anonymous. It is splendid to meet such fine honesty, and I hope this will be seen by the person concerned whom I have been unable to thank personally.—*Lee, Surrey.*

A Barbarous Business

May I express my approval of the fact that a convincing article on the barbarous practice of rabbit-coursing has at last appeared in an influential paper. Public opinion on this question has been profoundly affected in recent years. Four years ago the subject of rabbit-coursing was portrayed in a popular news film. Would the film makers, unless wishing to bring the so-called sport into universal disrepute, dare to show so degrading a spectacle to-day?—*J. C. Mortimer.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN":—"In one room 24 ft. square there were about 100 children in the charge of 1,200 teachers."

"DURHAM CHRONICLE":—"The points were not greased often because they were NEVER used. They were USED about once in three months."

"PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS" (advert.): "Special Lines in GENT.'s Print Dresses, clearing from 1s. 6d."

"BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR":—"SKIRTS with open necks seem to have come to stay."

"NEWMARKET WEEKLY NEWS":—"The bride's BROTHER wore a black satin dress, relieved with white, and hat to match."

THINNESS

For a little free advice on the cure of THINNESS, write to the E. M. Bureau of Health and Cure, (Dept. B.J.), 40-42, Chandos Street, London, W.C. 2. (Principal: Eustace Miles, M.A.—for many years recognised as the leading British authority on food and its relation to health. To save time, give details of your usual daily diet and any other information that will throw any light on your case. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

RUPTURE CONQUERED

Its Discomfort and Pain Ended

Wonderful Invention acclaimed by medical profession—instant and permanent relief guaranteed.

If you are ruptured send now for full details of the most wonderful appliance ever invented for your relief and cure. It is not a truss. It is just a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to just the pressure you require to suit your varying needs. You can adjust it in a moment, and it cannot possibly slip out of place. It is so light and comfortable that you positively will not know you have it on. Indeed, you will forget the rupture altogether.

And it holds the Hernia with such gentle firmness that in nearly ever case the broken tissue reunites and the rupture is conquered for ever. No wonder doctors everywhere recommend it. **No wonder that great medical journal, THE LANCET, has endorsed it enthusiastically, as it has never done for any other appliance.**

Read about our remarkable offer of a full personal trial absolutely free. It costs you nothing, so why delay? Fill up this coupon now and post it to-day while you think of it.

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The Bexley Surgical Appliance Company, Dept. 8 E, 28, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Send me your illustrated book about Rupture, and particulars of your offer of a **Personal Free Test** under guarantee.

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TEST ZOX FREE

Two ZOX Powders Free. If you mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. Sold by Chemists and Stores or post free in 1/6 or 3/- boxes. Try also ZOX BALM—simply wonderful for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, etc. 1/3 and 2/6 tubes. Write for Pamphlet. The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1

HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

out in a flash

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

"In Praise of PHOSFERINE"

Mr. M. GOODMAN, writes:—

"MY business carries me all over the United Kingdom, from John-O-Groats to Lands End. I am incessantly on the road, and some days I do as much as 200 to 300 miles. I can assure you it would tax the endurance of the most robust individual, and even on me, it was beginning to tell, until I was advised by a friend to try Phosferine. I cannot speak too highly of its properties as a tonic in every way. I am sure that were it not for Phosferine my vitality would have broken up long ago. At the end of June last I purchased a new car, and in exactly eighteen weeks my speedometer showed that I had done 10,586 miles. You can imagine that driving needs great vitality and endurance. I again assert that I attribute my great staying powers to the taking of Phosferine." (Gloucester House, 19, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. April 16th, 1926.)

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

TESTED JB

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size

Aldwych

Saves Ties & Time -in Tying Ties.

Why pull your Tie to pieces and waste time and temper! With Terry's "Aveeta" Necktie Adjuster you can put your tie on the stiffest and most stubborn collar in 10 seconds. Once tie has been placed on adjuster it does not need attention until changed. The thing for stiff double collars. A wonderful tie, time, and labour saver.

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WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

France and the Big Double

Waiting for the Weights—A Word of Warning—Dark Japan—S.P. and Ante-Post—Loddington's Come Back—Five Bob a Mount

IN view of the fact that the French won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire last year, an event that many of us will not forget for a long, long time, it is not too soon to shed a little light on their plans for the coming invasion.

Waiting for the Weights

With over a dozen entries in both races, their attack is obviously a formidable one, but that makes it all the more necessary to avoid jumping in too soon. There are already tips flying around for this or that French horse "saved" for one race or the other, but my French correspondent tells me that nothing will be done on the other side until the weights are known. Some of the stables are doubly or trebly represented, and others are quite capable of standing down in order to concentrate on a fancied horse from another stable. For that reason alone caution is necessary.

Dark Japan

One of the most interesting of the invaders is Dark Japan, who is entered for both races and is now trained by R. Dawson for the Aga Khan. The Indian potentate purchased the colt after seeing him win the Prix Juigne, a race just over a furlong farther than the Cambridgeshire. It is rather remarkable that of nineteen horses finishing behind Dark Japan on that occasion, fourteen have since won at least one race, so the form would appear to be good.

Big Prices for my Long Shots

The doubles I suggested as likely long shots last week are:—

Cesarewitch	Cambridgeshire
Cottingham	Embargo
Cottingham	Comedy King
Motley	Purple Shade
Castlederg	Cross Bow

Odds of 625 to 1 can now be obtained about the first two pairs. Motley and Purple Shade stand at 825 to 1, and the last couple, Castlederg and Cross Bow, figure at 1,250 to 1 the double.

S.P. and Ante-Post

A large number of backers do not seem to grasp that the settlement over starting price doubles and ante-post doubles is not the same. In starting price wagers the stake is added to the win over the first horse, and the whole sum goes on the second runner. In ante-post bets the two prices taken are simply multiplied and the stake is not included. As an example, at S.P., if cash is sent with bet, two 5 to 1 chances return 36 to 1. The win is 35 points. At ante-post, if cash is sent, the same odds would return 26 to 1—a win of 25 points. Two 20 to 1 shots at ante-post would win 400 points.

This Week's Racing

Bath, Hurst Park and Haydock occupy our attention this week. I hope we all win sufficient to have a good tilt at the Ebor on the 25th. It usually pays to follow Moreton and Mat Hartigan at Bath. Both were responsible for some good winners at the last August meeting. At Hurst I think Cistus, Open Prospect, and Try Try Again stand excellent chances. Mardoman, with 7 st. 13, is particularly well in the Robin Hood Stakes. The best at Haydock seem to be Duvet and Stolen Fruit, but it is advisable to watch anything sent over from Ireland.

A Dark Horse from Stockbridge

One or two of the big professional backers at Kempton had a good win when Treat scored in the International Stakes, but it was touch and go whether they got on. This good thing from Stockbridge ran untipped, and was not given as a probable runner in any of the daily papers which devote a page to sport. Moreover, it was not until the horses were actually at the post that the news leaked out that the colt was expected. In the twinkling of an eye both bookmakers and cute backers were rushing all over the ring in Tatt's to get on. Treat is a son of the Two Thousand Guineas' winner of 1920, Tetratema.

Loddington's Come Back

I was rather interested to see how Loddington would shape at Kempton, as he has been missing from the Turf since 1924, when he was considered one of the best juveniles of his year. The son of Gay Crusader finished last and I am afraid Perse will have to work hard on the horse if he is going to win races with him. Loddington belonged to Mr. C. Bower Ismay, who was one of the survivors from the ill-fated *Titanic*. He did not have very much luck with his horses, and fortunes were lost when his Craganour, a 5 to 4 favourite for the Derby, was disqualified for bumping and boring in favour of the 100 to 1 outsider Aboyeur. I think Mrs. Bower Ismay has a soft spot for Loddington, for on the death of her husband from sleeping sickness a year or so ago, she disposed of all the horses in the stable with the exception of the black horse.

Riding for Nothing

I have spotted F. Slade at one or two meetings recently. Not much has been seen of Slade for a couple of years for the simple reason that he has been riding regularly in Belgium. Just now, owing to the rate of exchange, every mount over there brings him in about five bob, and the game is hardly worth the candle. Slade has not put on weight and can go to scale at about 7 st. 10 lbs.

Winning Trainers

For several years Alec Taylor has headed the list of winning trainers, but this season Fred Darling, thanks to Coronach, looks like lowering his colours. At the moment of writing the man from Beckhampton is at the top of the tree with £41,800 n stake money to his credit. Taylor is second with £40,900. If Coronach wins the St. Leger he will credit Darling with another £10,000, and make his position almost unassailable.

Fred Darling, of Beckhampton

Humouring Horses

Horses are queer, temperamental creatures, and wise trainers do not spare any pains to humour them. I do not know what plans have been mapped out for Highborn II. since he passed into Sir Cunliffe Owen's ownership for 10,000 guineas after his two victories at Goodwood but "Ossie" Bell, his trainer, has realised that he is a highly-nervous animal. He sent the colt from Lambourn to the races at Nottingham—a matter of over 200 miles—to help to get him used to travelling and racecourse environment. Highborn had an engagement, but there was no intention to run him.

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

NALDERA.—Take no notice of this filly's Chepstow failure. She will win good races.

GAVIN.—This gelding has won three times since I suggested in these notes that he would prove a rare money-spinner for O'Sullivan. The handicapper has not stopped him.

FATHER HOLT will win a small race for William Griggs. The youngster started favourite at Newmarket when he ran fifth to Co-respondent in a field of thirty-one. At an outside price at Folkestone he came in second to Monastery Garden, and was disqualified.

HELDFAST.—I shall be very surprised if O. Bell does not win shortly with this filly by Stedfast. She ran wide at Folkestone or matters would have been very warm for Fordney

DUMAS.—Captain Hogg has this useful old gelding back to his best form and he was decidedly unlucky not to catch Clonespoe at Kempton. If he is let down in the handicap slightly he will soon make amends.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

R 2 Y L N Z J P 3 C G K Q E

H F A M U B O D X I V T S W

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

CHJUVNYHP would read IRON GUARD.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 18, to Tuesday, August 24.

"Soccer"

FOOTBALL in England opens on Saturday, August 28.

The Scottish season starts a fortnight in advance of ours, and thus teams competing in the League across the Border will have already played two games each.

FORECASTS FOR AUGUST 28.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Burnley, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Wednesday.

AWAY WINNERS.—Huddersfield, Sunderland.

DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Blackburn, Tottenham v. Everton, West Ham v. Leicester.

Read
"THE SPORTING LIFE"
(The Racing Man's Paper)
and ensure getting
YOUR FULL MEASURE of SUCCESS
2d. DAILY.

Selections

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Bradford C., Darlington, Hull, Manchester C., Portsmouth, Preston, Swansea.

AWAY WINNER.—Notts County.

DRAWS.—Chelsea v. Middlesbrough, Notts Forest v. Blackpool.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Doncaster, Durham, Hartlepool, Lincoln, Rotherham, Stoke.

AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Nelson, Chesterfield.

DRAWS.—Halifax v. Stockport, New Brighton v. Ashington.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Bristol R., Crystal Palace, Exeter, Millwall, Swindon, Watford.

AWAY WINNER.—Brighton.

DRAWS.—Coventry v. Northampton, Gillingham v. Bristol C., Newport v. Plymouth.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Clyde, Falkirk, Hibernians, Kilmarnock, Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.—Airdrie, Celtic.

DRAWS.—Cowdenbeath v. Hearts, Dundee v. Dundee United, Morton v. St. Mirren.

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STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED

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Third Pools, Singles and the Double Event close August 23.

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The frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Lady's or Gent's Model. Certain Price **26:0:0**

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Are you making sure that you *get* British products—the genuine articles made by your fellow countrymen?

The foreigner is alive to the value of a British-sounding name and 'christens' his goods accordingly. You need not be misled.

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C.F.H. 251

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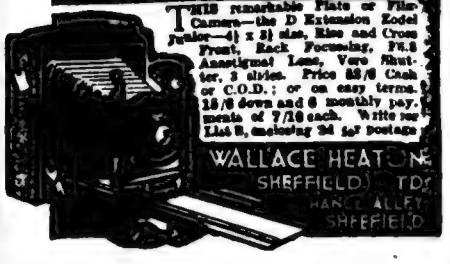
If you are thin, weak, and emaciated, and lack strength, energy, vigour, and endurance; if you have that worn-out, all-gone, tired feeling, the chances are that it's because your nerves need phosphate and your blood needs iron. Either phosphate or iron by itself is insufficient; both must be supplied at the same time. For this purpose Blood-Iron Phosphate is unequalled. A five-grain tablet taken at meal times, three times daily, restores nervous energy, enriches blood, and helps you to put on pounds of good flesh in a manner that is little short of marvellous. Get a small supply of Blood-Iron Phosphate from your nearest chemist—it costs only 3s., and every package contains a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Take as directed, and if at the end of two weeks you haven't gained in weight and don't feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your eyes aren't brighter and your nerves steadier; if you don't sleep better, and your vim, vigour, and vitality aren't more than doubled, you can have your money back for the asking and Blood-Iron Phosphate will have cost you nothing.

FOR 3D PER DAY

THIS remarkable Plate or Film Camera—the D Extension Zodel Junior—(4½ x 3½ size, Rise and Cross Front, Rack Focussing, F6.8 Aerostigmat Lens, Vero Shutter, 3 stops. Price £5/0 Cash or C.O.D.; or on easy terms, 10/6 down and 6 monthly payments of 7/10 each. Write for List B, enclosing 2d for postage.



JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

ONE of the proudest boasts of JOHN BULL is that it exists to be of real service to its readers. To that end we keep a staff of specialists to answer any and every query that is worrying you. And nothing at all is charged for this Free Advice Service. A letter to us—with a stamped addressed envelope—and your worry is at an end!

* * *

F. F. (London, W.).—"I like a game with a thrill in it." You're probably a dare-devil at Ludo.

CHRISSIE (Highgate).—"I love a joke." Don't tell him or he won't have anything more to do with you.

HARRIET (Mitcham).—"My fiancé says I'm a little dear." He's lucky. Some girls are dashed expensive.

M. K. (Sydenham).—"I've a pretty wife and a clever one, too." That's one too many.

W. N. (Marple).—"I enclose a three-column article on the Channel Tunnel." It's a big bore.

L. K. (Bolton).—"If you print the enclosed article, will you send me a guinea for it?" Yes.

L. M. (Bradford).—"The dentist was amazed at the length of my tooth." But have you seen our Long Acre?

D. N. (Chester).—"I am thinking of writing a book." A good idea. So many people seem to write books without thinking.

CORA (Hatfield).—"I believe in grabbing the first chance." We're expecting a piece of your wedding cake any day now.

F. H. (Doncaster).—"He held a subordinate position on a newspaper and now he's in the shipping insurance line." So he's still an underwriter.

L. D. (Lincoln).—"Most of our politicians seem to be sure of what they're talking about." Yes, they're decidedly promising.

T. E. (Liverpool).—"He keeps his nephews in order by threatening not to leave them any money." He has will power, then?

E. W. (Holloway).—"Why don't British boxers carry off the heavyweight championships?" Because they are generally carried off themselves.

P. T. (Thetford).—"Is there a rhyme to 'month'?" Oh, yes. Ask a friend who lisps badly to tell you what is less than twice.

J. McD. (Aberdeen).—"Do you know why I write on both sides of the paper?" Probably an inherited racial characteristic.

A. B. (Lowestoft).—"You don't seem to think much of my article." You don't seem to have thought much before you wrote it.

M. J. (Pinner).—"I should like to call on you next week as I shall have nothing on then." Oh, you must have or you can't.

S. P. (Peterhead).—"My wife is perfect, and I'm much happier now than when I was single." We suspect she was looking over your shoulder when you wrote that!

B. P. C. (Yarmouth).—"An old sailor here, who tells amazing yarns about his past adventures to people on the sands, seems to have had a wonderfully strenuous life." So now he spends the rest of it lying on the beach?

M. F. (Bedford).—"After all, what is a proverb?" A short sentence born of long experience.

L. G. A. (Luton).—"My wages are not what they ought to be." But how could you exist if they were?

A. N. (Holbeck).—"I always say what I think." What a nice, quiet companion you must be.

D. S. (Kentish Town).—"Love makes the heart light." Marriage has the same effect on the pocket.

DORA (Hertford).—"I play quite a good game of tennis." You still have your faults we suppose.

JACK (Letchworth).—"I am afraid of the dark." Another gentleman who prefers blondes!

H. H. (Chester).—"To have a great father seems a real hindrance to a son." Be thankful your kids will suffer no hindrance.

J. H. (Gunnersbury).—"Nothing teaches a man quicker than experience." True. Dad doesn't tickle the second baby awake to see it laugh!

MRS. G. (Leeds).—"In spite of all I am determined to wear a bright face." Even though you pull it over very dark feelings?

F. F. (Crewe).—"She's extravagant, but I'd go through fire and water for her." But would you go through the bankruptcy court for her?

MISS L. (Kew).—"I am never afraid of being out in the lightning." Possibly you know you are not at all attractive.

JACK (Blackfriars).—"People don't take so much interest in boxing as they used to do." Neither do the boxers.

T. A. (Hitchin).—"I think when my little boy grows up he will be a lawyer." Don't despair all children tell fibs at times.

E. I. (Peterborough).—"I have heard that it is very difficult to be funny on the wireless." So have we, on the rare occasions when we've listened in.

J. J. (Brighton).—"I have heard that no woman has a sense of humour, and that's why I don't marry." You prefer to trust your own sense of rumour.

MRS. G. (Shoreditch).—"I can't think why the doctor doesn't order me a week in the country to regain my strength." Perhaps he knows that seven days in the country always make one week.

"ENAMOURED" (Sowerby).—"I was agreeably surprised when she confessed her age." You'll be disagreeably surprised when you learn the difference between her age and what she confessed.

H. S. (Twickenham).—"The whole affair is a big disappointment to me." As the small boy said when he crept under the flap of the "circus" tent and found a revival meeting.

Emigration Official (to fair enquirer): "Is it 'Sydney' you want to go to?"
Fair Damsel: "No, sir, it's George.

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 36 pages for 2d.

JANE (Kingston).—"I put my heart into everything I do." Others merely put their foot in it.

J. W. (Ingleton).—"She says she can manage quite comfortably on my wage of £3 a week." But in that case what will you do?

MRS. T. (Kirkby Stephen).—"I tell him he didn't marry a cook." But doesn't your cooking tell him that?

MARY (Streatham).—"I want to keep hens and would like to know the best way to make a chicken run." Clap your hands and say "Shoo!"

E. P. (Liverpool).—"The secret of a lot of money-making is merely pluck." And knowing whom to pluck.

F. N. (Athersage).—"I come from a very clever, intellectual family." And you appear to have come a long, long way.

BELLA (Wanstead).—"The man I admire is one with ability to say exactly the right thing at the right time." Wilt thou be mine?

H. M. (Willesden).—"On what grounds do you take exception to my proposal?" On any grounds within a five-mile radius of this office.

LENA (Burnley).—"Opportunity has never once knocked at my door." If you wait it may come with a ring.

L. J. (Royston).—"Although the vicar was nice enough, I didn't want his visit, as I don't like parsons." So your objection wasn't to the man, but to his calling?

A. E. (Wimbledon).—"Though only a poor City clerk, I aspire to higher things." Hope you'll get a rise before long.

M. O. (Beckenham).—"I am already saving up for a Christmas gift for the girl I love." Perhaps she'd like her present a little less far in the future.

T. C. (Ewell).—"My little boy has become so impudent and 'cocky' that he wants his conceit taken down." And other things too, we gather.

ARTIST (Clapton).—"I shall have to change my profession, as I'm sick of painting pictures no one will buy." No wonder you're feeling a bit off colour.

PHYLLIS (Reading).—"I always think the story of the man without a country was so sad." A country without a man would be sadder still.

J. K. (Dulwich).—"She was very annoyed because I kissed her on the forehead after I had taken her out." She probably thought it was out of place.

G. H. (Grimsby).—"I have a friend in the Meteorological Department, and if you like I can get you the weather forecast for several weeks ahead." Thanks, we prefer to have it broken to us gently.

MISS O. (Pontefract).—"My marriage is fixed and as the day approaches I grow increasingly nervous." Pull yourself together. He may not even try to run away.

L. B. (Micklefield).—"He's a rogue who'll go on cheating even in heaven." Instead of plucking the harp with the angels he'll try to pluck the angels with the harp.

MRS. V. (Brighouse).—"It's right to take a good long holiday on the children's account." The trouble is that few children have an account long enough to stand it.

Y. C. D. (Folkestone).—"While bathing I saw an absurdly affected girl pretending to be terrified of quite ordinary-sized waves." What was she doing—clinging to a boy?

P. F. R. (Coulsdon).—"It's a strange thing that all humorists agree in laughing at marriage." Especially as most of those who've tried it don't seem to find it a bit funny.

C. R. (Worcester).—"It pays to make a note of every *Bullets* idea one comes across." Come across with a good *Bullets* idea this week and you may make £250 in notes.

T. R. (Hackney).—"Cowboys seem to amass a lot of money. I wonder how they do it." Well, wouldn't you feel, if you had to ride a bucking broncho, that you were much better off?

F. C. A. (Chelsea).—"I was going to enclose a poem with this letter, but I can't find it and I think the puppy must have torn it up." This is the first time we've heard of a puppy being able to read!

MRS. B. (Henley).—"Before we were married he promised to grant my smallest wish, but now he will never do anything I want." Well, he only bargained for your smallest wish, didn't he?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Wonderful Hair Grower

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko, the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is desired.

Miss Mary Little, from a photo.

Was Quite Bald.

Gorton.

What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny, just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist, and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair-grower.—Yours gratefully, Mary Little.

Thick And Curly Hair.

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

When I began to use Kotalko I was quite bald, I used to wear a silk cap to cover my head, as I had given up all hope and was tired of trying things to get my hair back again.

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head from its milk-white baldness to its present wonderful thickness of hair. I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head in its natural brown colour, and thick and curly, as the photograph shows.

The new growth of hair is the talk of my neighbours and friends. Wishing you every success to Kotalko, yours sincerely, (Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

Mrs. N. O'Neill, from a photo.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

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TRUE HAIR GROWER

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JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 J.C.), LONDON, W.1.

"JOHN BULL'S GUARANTEE."

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines, and drugs and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— - - - - - - - - - - - -

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

Eczema

and torturing Skin Irritation.

Germolene is specific for Eczema, Rashes, Eruptions, Rough Red Skin, Pimples, and all Skin Blemishes.

Mrs. Coleman, of 16, Strathville Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18, states:—"For two years my little Winnie was troubled with eczema. Her eyes were inflamed and very, very painful. The rash spread over her head, and eventually became so bad that I was afraid to take her out. All treatment failed until I tried Germolene. The immediate effect astonished me. In a few days the inflammation was gone, and very soon there was not a trace of the trouble left."

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

is unrivalled for cleansing, soothing, and protecting the tender skins of infants. Mothers who know the value of Germolene will be eager to complete the treatment by employing this luxurious preparation. 1/- per Tablet. Of all Chemists.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Use Germolene for

Eczema	Piles	Cuts and Burns	Ringworm
Psoriasis	Itching	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Rashes	Ulcers	Sunburn	Heat Rash

And all Cut, Bruised, Itching, or Ulcerated Surfaces.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-**. *Of all Chemists and Stores.*

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

A Light Query!

Do you remember last year? Did you have trouble with your acetylene lamps? Or did you do the wise thing and *always* carry a tin of *"Chemico" Carbide?*

"CHEMICO" CARBIDE is the World's Best and the only one that gives you real care-free night riding. Get a tin to-day!

THE COUNTY CHEMICAL CO., LTD. CHEMICO WORKS—BIRMINGHAM.

2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry-built cycles at **POUNDS BELOW** last year's prices.

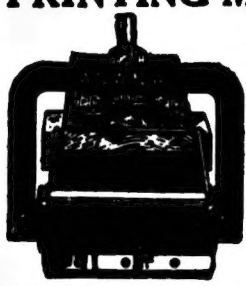
Absolutely **GENUINE REDUCTIONS** have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1926 Models, any of which I will send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID,** on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. **MY FREE LISTS** will convince you, so write **NOW** for a copy and **CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.**

Edwd. O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 9 **COVENTRY.**

ADANA AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

PRINTING MACHINE



45/-
COMPLETE PLANT

THIS massively constructed Printing Machine is the most wonderful of its kind, being sold at a tenth the price of any other of the same size with similar advantages. It is capable of turning out every class of printed matter from a

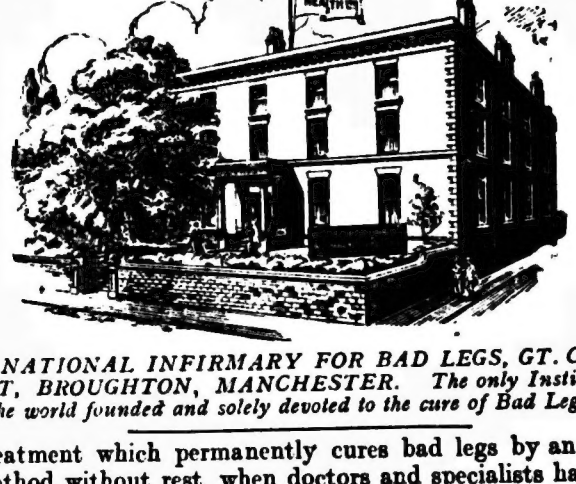
CHEMIST'S LABEL to an ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

including Perforating, Creasing and Box-making. The finest malleable iron and mild steel used in construction. Smooth running, speed, accuracy, simplicity are maintained to the highest efficiency. Printers' metal type (not Mono.), case, complete accessories, together with excellently illustrated instruct omaii ook included in above-quoted price. Illustrated particulars in two colours, together with samples of work, sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Also sold by small weekly instalments. Ask for Terms.

The "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept. J. U. 21), 34, King St., Twickenham, Middlesex.

Printers should write for particulars of new system of supplying First-Class Founders' Type.

BAD LEGS



View of NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, GT. CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER. The only Institution in the world founded and solely devoted to the cure of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases are cured by Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed to cure, Tremol cures. Seize your opportunity and get cured now.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CURES BAD LEGS IN YOUR HOME
CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING
CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK
CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY
CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.

National College of Health Ltd.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, (Ward B.L.),
Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

The Open Road

Motor Cyclists All!

British Industries Leading

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

THE world wants British motor-cycles, and the industry, having made up its mind to supply the world, has built itself economically and on such a scale that it offers types and models to suit all purposes and pockets.

That, in a nutshell, is the secret of the British motor-cycle's pre-eminence.

Export trade figures over a number of years bear witness to the industry's reputation for producing machines which in quality and value are second to none.

The home trade, in comparison with that of other countries, is also a big concern, and, there are in use as many motor-cycles as there are cars.

IT may be news to many readers that the motor-cycle industry of the United States, in comparison with the car industry, is relatively insignificant.

The Americans were early in the field to lay themselves out for a world trade in cars which, in their own country especially, are so low-priced that the demand for motor-cycles is small.

In this country, however, the popularity of motor-cycling has developed to such a great extent that it will never suffer through the future progress of the car industry.

Even as broadcasting has stimulated the demand for musical entertainment generally, so, I think, the gradual descent of car prices and the increased value offered will stimulate the demand for the motor-cycle as an alternative type of road vehicle.

Motor-cycling has a special charm for those of a mechanical turn of mind.

Not the least of the many joys of the open road is associated with the desire to obtain from one's machine the best possible performance at the lowest possible cost.

To experience that pleasure one must understand the heart of the machine—the engine. This understanding requires a sharp ear and a delicate touch.

There is an ear for motoring just as there is an ear for music, and to the mechanical mind the throb of an engine may be as soothing as the song of the nightingale to the romantic mind.

The motor-cyclist can make many fine adjustments without engaging the inconvenience of stopping, dismounting and lifting an engine cover or bonnet.

Consequently, he will take trouble to make minor adjustments where a car-driver may not take the extra trouble involved in the case of his vehicle.

It is the minor adjustments which make all the difference between economical motoring and expensive motoring.

Should the time ever come when all motorists must be licensed by tests of driving skill, I could suggest no better preliminary qualification than a previous course of training with a motor-cycle.

In the old days the motor-cycle was looked upon as a noisy nerve-wrecking contraption.

To-day the motor-cyclist and his passengers can travel in perfect comfort.

FOR two persons there is no more economical method of transport than the 3½ h.p. combination, unless, perhaps, we include the pillion-seat without sidecar. The safety of the solo machine with pillion seat is still a debateable point.

For three persons, a machine of not less than 6 h.p. with two-seater sidecar, or single-seater sidecar and pillion seat, is an ideal outfit.

"The Greatest of These . . . . ."

A Broken Blossom

A Crippled Girl's Pathetic Plight

FROM an industrial centre in Lancashire, where many of the mills are now silent, there came to us last week a pathetic cry of distress.

It was written in pain and anguish by a crippled girl who has long been bedridden. Till a few years ago, she had been able to get about with the aid of crutches and she worked bravely to help in the support of the little household consisting of herself and her father.

One calamity after another, however, fell upon her. In three separate accidents she sustained fractures of both legs and a collar-bone with the result that for nearly three years she has been in bed.

Her father, whom she describes as a "walking shadow," has long been unable to obtain any kind of employment and is so worn with anxiety and lack of nourishment, having gone without food in order to ease the suffering of the invalid, that she fears he may at any moment collapse.

FOR months past, the father and daughter have subsisted somehow on a weekly income which has not exceeded 15s., and has sometimes been as little as 9s., out of which 6s. has had to go for rent.

It may open the eyes of some of our readers as to how the poor live when we mention that among the things that have had to be sold in order to provide food has been the gas stove and that in consequence for a long time they have had no hot meal, except when neighbours have sent in a dish from their own table.

Plunged into the depths of poverty and want as she is, this poor crippled sufferer can still spare a thought for others, for she offers to do any work which is possible in her bed-ridden condition, such as making or altering children's clothing for any poverty-stricken families in the district in gratitude for the kindness which is shown her.

We are relieving her immediate needs through "The Greatest of These" Fund, and we earnestly appeal to those who are blessed with health and strength and are in no anxiety as to where their next meal is coming from to assist us.

Every penny subscribed sheds a ray of light into some darkened life, for no deductions whatever are made from donations for the cost of administration of the Fund, all expenses being gladly borne by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at* 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. C. Clamp, 10s.; T. N. T., 2s. 6d.; Junior Cowes, 1s.; Mrs. A. Brinkner, 2s.; E. B., 1s.; 6d.; Shoe Artist, 1s.; Y. Z., 9d.; Miss A. F. Bodoy, £1; M. B. F., 2s. 9d.; Fox, 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; 10s.; M. C., "One Ninth," 3s. 5d.; nett, 10s.; A. C., 1s.; ton), 2s. 6d.; E. M. Beckett, 2s. 6d.; (Collingham), 1s. 6d.; A. 3s.; R. and E. R. (Southport), 2s. 6d.; Mite, 1s.; Auon. (Sheffield), 6d.; 2s.; L. Cattley, 10s.; "Lucy" (Waterlane), 2s.; 3s.; Bill and Lott, 9d.; Anon. don), 1s.; Workman, 9d.; pool), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Haine (Newport, Mon.), 2s.

Parcels of clothing have been received from Mrs. Hayes, Bevington; Mrs. Davies, Orphan; Mrs. Stopes, Clapham Common; Mrs. Harkins, Carlisle; Mrs. A. Hancock, Maltlake; and Mrs. Stringer, Acton.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 608.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. E. NASH, 26, Rivers Street, Bath.
Example :—A HARD LIFE
Bullet :—"SOAKING" WON'T SOFTEN IT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. BROCKLEHURST, 210, Wells Road, Nottingham.
Example :—MOTHER'S HOLIDAY
Bullet :—"HOME GAME" "PLAYED AWAY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. S. SWABY, 295, Green Lanes, London, N.
Example :—MEANS A LOT
Bullet :—"*Alms*—AND THE *Manner*."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 Holiday Prizes of £10 each:

MISS D. HAINES, 15, Comerford Road, Brockley, S.E. CROWDED—"SIGH NO MORE, *Ladies!*"
MISS H. JOTNER, 164, Malden Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.
THE FRANC—"PAPER" ADVERTISING "MAN WANTED."
C. PRICE, 220, Caerleon Road, Newport, Mon.
TOO MUCH FOR ME—MAKING TOO LITTLE ENOUGH.
P. H. SHERMAN, Whitton, Ipswich.
SEASIDE LODGINGS—OVERCROWDING — FOR HEALTH'S SAKE.
S. J. WARRICK, 35, Hovenden Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
COURTING COUPLE—WAITER CALCULATED *That* CORRECTLY.

20 Holiday Prizes of £5 each:

T. R. BELLAMY, 305, Shobnall Street, Burton-on-Trent.
MOTHER'S HOLIDAY—BOLT FROM THE *Drab*.
MISS E. BRUNSKILL, 149, Gipsy Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.
WITH A WRENCH—IMAGINE RALEIGH REMOVING PULLOVER.
J. CLAY, 58, Cleveland Road, Southsea.
FOR A CHANGE—FERN REMOVED—AMATEUR THEATRICALS.
A. DAWSON, Fell-Head, Crook, Co. Durham.
COURTING COUPLE—PLANNING WHAT FATE'S PLANNED.
J. L. DEAN, 51, Winifred Street, Swindon, Wilts.
SEASIDE LODGINGS—EVERY ACCIDENT SMASHES HEIRLOOM.
J. M. ELLIS, Hairdresser, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire.
COURTING COUPLE—HOUSE SHORTAGE PROLONGS HAPPINESS.
MISS D. FLOYD, 105b, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.
BAD FRIENDS—TEAM SUPPORTERS—NOT TEAMS.
T. GRAY, Courthill, Hawick, N.B.
THE FRANC—"PENNY FOR YOUR *Acts*."
A. HEARD, 208, Pinhoe Road, Exeter.
WHAT IS A COAL-MINE?—"GALLERIES" PRESENTING "GLOOMY PICTURE."
MISS H. P. JONES, 19, Erskine Road, Blackley, Manchester.
OUT OF HIS DEPTH—KEEPING POUND AFLOAT, BRITISHER.
M. MAHER, 8, Oaklands Park, Dublin.
BRITAIN'S LARDER—"BREAD OF IDLENESS" UNWANTED.
T. A. MARSHALL, 44, Parkview Road, Croydon.
FOR A CHANGE—COOK SHOULD "RESIGN HIMSELF."
W. A. MILLBOURNE, 3, Railway Cotts, Hamworthy Junction, Nr. Poole.
SEASIDE LODGINGS—NO WONDER SANDS POPULAR.
E. R. PARKER, 103, Plymouth Grove, C.-on-M., Manchester.
OUT OF HIS DEPTH—CLERK AND *Bookie* KEEPER.
L. PARTRIDGE, 1, Leon Place, Godwin Street, Ashted, Birmingham.
MY DAUGHTER—KEEPS HOUSE—LOSES SWEETHEARTS.
MISS E. RALPH, 48, Oakington Road, Maida Vale, W.
SEASIDE LODGINGS—SELDOM BEAT LAST YEAR'S.
MRS. F. SAGAR, 280, Great Horton Road, Bradford.
MOTHER'S HOLIDAY—WHEN POUND BUYS FRANCE.
C. SCOTT, Highways, Northchurch Common, Berkhamsted, Herts.
BOWLED OUT—FATHER TIME "TAKES OVER."
C. A. SHAMBROOK, 227, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, E.
WHAT THE BOATMAN SAID—"TRIP ROUND CHANNEL SWIMMERS?"
R. WARNE, Mepperhall, Shefford, Beds.
WHAT IS A COAL-MINE?—"TREASURY" *Depicting* BRITAIN'S EXCHEQUER.

20 Prize-winners of £2 2s.:

C. ASHFER, Trawlers & Drifters Stores, Lowestoft.
F. BAGLIN, Mayford House, Mayford, Nr. Woking.
C. BRACEGIRDLE, 5, Thorncliffe Grove, Levenshulme.
MRS. CLAY, 55, Main Street, Pupplewick, Notts.
E. CLEMENT, 52, College Hill, Llanelly, S. Wales.
G. COLES, 3, Holly Terrace, Staplegrove, Taunton.
C. J. LEWIS 184, Earlsdon Avenue, Coventry.
D. B. MCGIBBON, 110, Comiston Road, Edinburgh.
A. MCMANUS, 2, Croft Terrace, Egremont, Cumbld.
M. A. MATTHEWS, 15, Ailesbury Street Sunderland.
C. A. MILLEST, 23, Park Road, Uxbridge.
T. MILLS, 4, Beacon Street, Addingham, Ilkley.
G. N. O'DOWD, 23, Bankhouse Lane, Halifax.
E. PARKER, 87, Reginald Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
B. A. ROUND, 7, St. Margaret's Place, Brighton.
C. B. SALTON, 20, Crown Street, Newark, Notts.
A. SKINNER, 102, Beaconsfield Road, Hastings.
H. SMALLBONE, 253, Godstone Road, Whyteleafe.
A. C. WILLIAMS, 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent.
F. C. WILLIAMS, 18, Margaret Avenue, St. Albans.

(*Continued on page 4.*)

HOLIDAY PRIZES — LAST 2 WEEKS!

2nd Prize **£50** — 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE **£250** — 3rd Prize **£25**

200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6 6,000 'Target' Prizes

5	20	100	20
HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 EACH	WEEK-END PRIZES OF £22·0 EACH	HOLIDAY FARES OF £11·0 EACH	HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 610.

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA
PAYING AMERICA
THROUGH A TELESCOPE
GOING ROUND
A FLAPPER'S HOLIDAY
FRANCE'S WAY
SOMETIMES
MORE MONEY
WHY SHE WAS ANXIOUS
CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
FLYING
HEARD ON THE PIER
BLACK AND BLUE
A LONG WAY
"GOODBYE!"
WHERE I WENT WRONG
HOME AGAIN
CHEEK
WHAT THE TRIPPER SAID
HER BATHING-DRESS
WITH A GROAN
CAN'T BE HELPED
A CIGARETTE
MADE MOTHER SMILE
HAUGHTILY
THE NIGHT BEFORE
AN EX-CONVICT
HEARD IN THE CHARABANG
SEASIDE KNUT
AT LOGGERHEADS
SAID TO THE COLLECTOR
WHAT IS THE SEA?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, THREE, or FOUR WORDS having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you :—

Example :—THE ASHES *Bullet* :—CLOSE OF *Life's* PLAY.
Example :—HOW TO GET ON *Bullet* :—*Please* AS YOU *Go*.
Example :—A PRETTY PENNY *Bullet* :—LOST—LET'S "GET BACK."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 610, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 26.
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(610) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 26.
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(610) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 26.
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(610) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 26.
Bullet
Example
Bullet

(610) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 607 will be exhibited in the window of Mr. R. Hinkell, Market Place, Salisbury.

MONSTER "BULLETS" PRIZE COMING!!

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.
A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users in less than two years which are open to inspection.

20000—M. C. Bridstowe: Please post me (urgent) another 24/- bottle of Irving's "Yeast-Vite." They are wonderful, and I am anxious to continue them for three patients without a break.
22001—H. H. S., of Canton: Kindly mail me via Siberia two bottles of Irving's "Yeast-Vite" (containing 700 Tablets in each). I have found them very beneficial for my complaint—neuritis.
24398—A. St. J. W. (late H.M.'s B.C.S.): "The efficacy of your wonderful Yeast-Vite was clearly marked in my case. The relief was immediate and paved the way to health and happiness."
24118—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.
24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."
25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.
21884—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first bottle of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.
25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.
25333—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.
22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.
21067—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.
21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.
21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.
22373—Nurse A. L.: "I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!"

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

TESTED JB

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

CICFA
FOR
INDIGESTION
IN
CHILDREN

The crying of a child is sometimes due to the pricking of a pin misplaced in its clothing, but more often it is due to Indigestion, frequently accompanied by Flatulence and pain.

In the child, as in the adult, a lack of Digestive Ferments is the cause of Indigestion. CICFA restores those Ferments and thus relieves the Indigestion, Flatulence and pain.

The boy, Frank Clements, suffered from birth until he was four. His sufferings were often so intense that at times it was suggested that they were due to temper. It can be readily understood that his mother used every endeavour to secure relief for him, but nothing brought that relief until, through the suggestion of a friend, she decided to try Cicfa, although she doubted whether he was not too young. That was a year ago. He immediately commenced to improve.

The photo of the boy's healthy, happy face, which his mother forwarded to us, shows that he is now in perfect health.

39, Elfreda Crescent,
Bellingham, S.E. 6.

"Dear Sirs,—I am enclosing a photo of my son, now aged five years. From birth he suffered acutely with pains which I am sorry to say continued for nearly four years. He was often doubled up with pain. As you can imagine, I took him to many places, but without benefit. Once it was suggested that most of his trouble was temper; once that the only remedy was diet, which we tried, but without benefit.

"At the office one day a friend of mine asked if I had tried Cicfa. I had not. He explained how he had suffered and been cured by this wonderful remedy. I was afraid to give it to a child so young, but having tried practically everything, I decided to try Cicfa. That was 12 months ago, and after the first tube was taken my boy commenced to improve. I was amazed at the steady improvement, and so were all my friends.

"I am pleased to inform you that my boy is now entirely free from the Indigestion pains, and is the picture of health.

"Yours truly,
(Signed) "Mrs. H. CLEMENTS."

19,108 BRITISH DOCTORS

*have **already** taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.* ***When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa*** *you can confidently begin taking it at once.*

Sold Everywhere. ***Prices 1/3 and 3/-.***
Child's size, smaller tablets.

JB

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W. 1.

John Bull, 21/8/26

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